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Men Who Have Meant Much to Me

ADDRESSES AND ESSAYS

BY

JOHN B. CALVERT

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TO

M. M. C.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

THE biographical sketches found in this volume were in several instances delivered as appreciative tributes and were printed at the time either in booklet form, in *The Examiner* or in *The Watchman-Examiner*. Some of these tributes were written under the stress of sorrow, and can best be interpreted by reproducing the setting that called them forth. Each is complete in itself. There is no attempt at sequence nor at relation of one to another. The only thread that binds them together is that of personal friendship, running through a long term of years with men in widely different positions, all of whom stood close to me in either a paternal or fraternal relationship. The collection is really just a "sheaf of tributes" to some of the men who have meant much to me and who will ever be held in affectionate remembrance. In no sense is it to be inferred that this list includes all the friends with whom it was my privilege to be closely associated in fellowship and in service, who have now passed to their reward. Manifestly no mention is made of any one of the large circle of true and tried friends now living. These appreciations of

noble lives are now brought together in the compass of this volume with the hope that their influence may be as ennobling and inspiring to others as they have been to myself.

J. B. C.

Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y.

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I

MARTIN BREWER ANDERSON

NO setting is needed to emphasize the genuine worth and the greatness of Dr. Anderson. No office, however exalted, no words of praise, however well chosen, could add to the nobility of his soul, to his rugged and forcible personality, or make him other than he was in the esteem of the great majority of his compeers —one of the foremost educators of his time. Unlike many men who borrow as much from their surroundings as they themselves possess, Dr. Anderson had all his greatness in himself, and gave honor to the office he filled, instead of receiving honor from it.

The farther the passing years may remove one from the days in which he sat in Dr. Anderson's classroom and was made familiar with his appearance in Anderson Hall, or about the college, the more he appreciates the nobility of his character, the greatness of his intellectuality, and the forcible influence of his dominating personality. We may forget his teaching and his words of counsel, but

we cannot forget how great he was, or get away from the inspiring, uplifting and transforming influence that left an indelible impression on his students.

Of all the forces in human life that go to the making of manhood, none is so potent as contact with masterful characters. The biographies of men who have done any real work in the world show that their lives were largely shaped and molded by some other life, or by what emanates from a strong personality. It may have been a preacher, like Knox or Wesley; a teacher, like Arnold of Rugby; a book, like Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress;* an oratorio, like "The Messiah"; a long and fraternal friendship, like David and Jonathan's; a true yoke-fellow in service, as Paul to Silas; or a quiet prayerful life like that of the mother of Augustine. In a subtile and sensitive way life reacts upon life. The Apostle enunciated the fundamental law of life when he said, "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." It is abundantly manifest that "no man is the whole of himself; his friends are the rest of him." The influence of those who have lived and gone abides and has a determining effect upon the destiny of the generations coming after them. Lord Byron has truly said:

> "The heart ran o'er
> With silent worship of the great of old;
> The dead, but sceptered sovereigns, who still rule
> Our spirits from their urns."

If one attempts to analyze his own life he will find that this principle has abundant exemplification in his own experience. In a very real sense he can say with Tennyson's Ulysses: "I am a part of all that I have met." Family, church and social relationships, friends, school-life, teachers, books, travel, co-laborers in service, every one and every thing in fact with which he has come in contact; some influences overmastering, others less strong, have all contributed, or are contributing to the unfolding and establishing of his character, the making of his life.

Among the myriad influences that have sensibly or insensibly had to do with the shaping and determining of my own life, probably there is none more potent, certainly none in the notable circle of my instructors and teachers, and none that has made a more indelible impression, than that of Dr. Martin B. Anderson, for thirty-five years the honored and esteemed president of the University of Rochester, himself the embodiment of the noble manhood and lofty ideals he sought to awaken in others.

The impression made by Dr. Anderson upon me the first time I saw him can never be effaced. He stands out as vividly to-day, after the lapse of two score years, as if it were only yesterday that I saw him for the first time at Commencement in June, 1872, when I went up to the university for my entrance examinations. His powerful frame, his leonine head, his deep-set eyes, his heavy,

over-arching brow, his fine, aquiline nose, his flowing reddish-brown hair and bristling beard, suggested the great liberator, Garibaldi, for whom he was many times taken when he was in Europe. As Dr. Anderson marched in cap and gown with the trustees, alumni and seniors from the Second Baptist church to Old Corinthian Hall, and stood forth at the close of the orations to give his final word of counsel and appeal to the graduating class, my attention was closely riveted upon him, for it seemed to me I never had seen such a majestic and mighty man. As he gave vigor and emphasis to his words, his very soul kindling, and his voice vibrating with the unfolding of his theme, he awakened a feeling of awe and admiration. He seemed a veritable Boanerges sent to earth to instruct and awaken the consciences of men.

In all college circles Dr. Anderson was a dominant figure. He had the seniors in mental and moral philosophy, and a class in art on Saturday mornings. It was his invariable custom to conduct the religious services held every morning in the chapel, attendance upon which was compulsory. He rarely absented himself from his college duties, often declining invitations that meant much for him and for the university, rather than disappoint himself and his classes by failure to meet with them. In spite of the frequent sight of his stately figure, and the almost daily intercourse in the classroom, I never saw him on the

campus, in the college halls, or in the lecture room, without something of that first feeling of awe, of restraint, of instinctively righting myself physically and morally, as one does involuntarily in the presence of a superior personage. The impression his powerful personality made upon me in those unsophisticated days continues with me to this hour. Although he grew more human from frequent meetings, "With all the humanizing is he the austere, rugged, inaccessible mountain, its fiery passions hidden, its head above the forests."

Dr. Anderson was of heroic stature. Like Saul of old, "from his shoulders and upward he was higher than any of the people." He seemed to be the sole survivor of an age of patriarchs. He was of such gigantic mold that he looked a very king among men, a veritable Agamemnon.

> "Sage he stood,
> With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
> The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
> Drew audience and attention still as night
> Or summer's noontide air."

Intellectually, morally and spiritually he towered as high above ordinary men as he did physically. He measured up to the conception of an Old Testament prophet,—a man called of God for a special task, who lived near to God, heard what God had to say, and made known God's message to the people. He united in himself qualities that would have made him eminent as a statesman,

reformer, counselor, general, journalist, jurist, preacher or publicist.

In his day Dr. Anderson was universally recognized as *primus inter pares* of great college presidents and administrators. To those who sat under his teaching and felt the impress and impetus of his powerful personality, he seemed equal to any task. Often I have wished, as I heard him speak, that he held a place worthy of his powers at the Capitol in Washington. What a Speaker he would have been in the Representative Chamber! What a Justice on the Supreme Bench! What a President he would have made for this great Republic! What a preacher of righteousness and justice and judgment to come! If he had followed his own inclinations he would have gone into public life. On one occasion he said to Dr. Leighton Williams, of New York, Secretary of the Niagara Falls Park Commission: "If I could have had my way, I should be in public life, and here I am teaching boys." At his own choice he followed the line of duty instead of his own preferences, showing the greater strength of character. He turned away from all other avenues and devoted his superb strength and energies to "teaching boys," and to the development of the newly organized University, of which he laid solid foundation, and which will always stand as his monument.

The springs of a great life are always full of interest and meaning and often determine its un-

folding and maturing. Like most great men, Dr. Anderson was of humble and circumscribed environment. Life for him was cast in a home where

> "Poverty, the nurse
> That quickens ready wits and strengthens wills,
> Taught him in youth to play the manly part,
> To do hard tasks with cheerful heart
> And sympathize with mortal ills."

He was one of two children of Martin and Jane Brewer Anderson, and was born in Brunswick, Maine, the seat of Bowdoin College, February 12, 1815. The other child was a daughter, Maria, some years younger, for whom her big brother always manifested a keen, almost fatherly affection and interest. When Martin was about three years old the parents moved to the neighboring town of Freeport, to the farm on which the father was born and reared. The presence of a college in his native town could not have had much influence upon the little lad, except possibly to impress on the father and mother the advantages of college training, and to awaken in them the desire to give their boy the best education the times afforded.

On his father's side young Martin was of Scotch-Irish stock, and on his mother's of sturdy English ancestry. In stature, in complexion and temperament were manifest the characteristics peculiar to many other great men of North of Ireland origin. He bore this testimony to his for-

bears, that they were all plain farmers and mechanics, but "they were honest people, and patriotic to the core." His grandfather's brothers, as well as his grandfather, Jacob Anderson, served in the Revolutionary War. His father, Martin Anderson, bore arms in the War of 1812. He was a man of the people, a ship-carpenter by trade, was actuated by high ideals, and possessed great integrity and strength of character. He had keen interest in all public affairs, was well informed, and was an intelligent and interesting talker. A close and tender feeling of intimacy always existed between father and son, and bound them firmly together. His mother, Jane Brewer, was a woman of considerable education, of great energy and force of character, of firm decision and of deeply religious convictions.

Little Martin early gave evidence of an active mind; he was able to read at three. He had an insatiable desire to know the why and wherefore of things, and if he had never seen the inside of a school or college, he would have found some way, as did Lincoln, to acquire the essential facts and principles of life, and to become an instructor and leader of men. He spent his childhood doing "chores," in growing strong, and in gaining such knowledge as the meager schooling of that day afforded. He early became an apprentice in his father's trade, and in the summer, while other boys were idling away their time, he was working in the shipyard. He once electrified a great

audience by saying: "I thank the Lord that my father taught me when I was a boy what it was to do a hard day's work." In these early years his religious training was not neglected. His mother was a Baptist of the strictest type, and used to lead him, a little lad, by the hand, two miles across the fields to the Baptist Church, where services were maintained by a lay-member reading a sermon when the church was pastorless. He was taught reverence for God and for His day, and was instructed in those foundation principles of life and conduct that dominated him all through his life. He was regarded as exemplary in his habits and speech, and as a "model" for boys of less wise and painstaking parents.

When Martin had reached the age of sixteen, an accident in the shipyard incapacitated the father from further work at his trade, compelling him, in order to maintain his family, to turn his attention to teaching, and was probably a turning point in the young man's life. From that time the burdens of the household were shifted more and more from the shoulders of the father to those of the son, who materially added to the revenue, and was deferred to in all family matters. About this time the family moved to Bath, an old seaport town, noted as a shipbuilding center. Opportunities were thus afforded for larger educational advantages and for steady and remunerative employment. Two new influences now came into the son's life. The first was the stimulating effect of

the literary and debating club of the town in which he acquired the habit of "thinking on his feet," and of patient research and study, which he carried on through life. The other was the religious awakening which stirred the town profoundly, arousing many to the need of repentance and newness of life. Among the number that professed conversion was young Anderson, who united with the Baptist church, and identified himself heartily with all its interests. He had now reached the age when plans are usually formed and decisions made that have a decidedly determining influence upon one's life-work. He was serious and full of concern as to what answer he should make to the question, What he should do, that was now forcing itself upon him.

From boyhood he had cherished the hope of going to college, but with no means of his own and no family resources to draw upon, how could his eager desire be realized? The claims of his family made the obstacles loom so large that they seemed insurmountable. He determined not to lose hope or to give up. With something of the sneer with which Nathaniel asked: "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" we can imagine men of Bath inquiring: "Can there any good thing come out of a shipyard?" He applied himself more diligently than ever to his work in the shipyard, setting aside a part of his earnings for the family support, and another part for his college expenses. At the same time he kept up

his preparatory studies. Gradually the way opened, the obstacles disappeared, or were overcome, and in the year 1836, having turned twenty-one, he set out on foot with his pack for Waterville, now Colby College.

This small Baptist institution in those early years, because of meager funds, had to face many struggles and perplexing problems in order to maintain itself, as did many of its students. Those were days of hardship and self-denial, of which young men of to-day know but little. By close application, and an economical use of his time, the shipyard apprentice was able to take excellent rank, and to earn sufficient funds by acting as "commissary," and doing "odd jobs," to pay the bills, which, if not large, were often the most perplexing problem the boys of his day had to meet. His early struggles to get an education gave him a keen sympathy, when he became a college president, with young men who had to make their way through at Rochester. He would give thoughtful consideration and effort as to how he could render the most helpful service, and assumed financial obligations when to do so simply was adding largely to his already heavy burdens.

Little is known of his college life outside of study hours and the lecture room. He must have been a leader and a masterful spirit among his fellows. He probably never took kindly to athletics, for he believed, as he often used to say to us stu-

dents, that there was only so much energy stored up in a man, and if he exhausted it in football, baseball or boxing, he would have none for mental application and study. Probably from his work in the shipyard he grew fond of the water and became an expert swimmer. Dr. Kendrick is authority for the statement that on warm summer afternoons in college young Anderson found refreshing pleasure and delight in sporting in the cool waters of the Kennebec with Samuel L. Caldwell, who afterward became president of Vassar College, and Benjamin F. Butler, who became a national figure in political and military life. From many things said in Dr. Anderson's "Chapel Talks," and in the classroom, there is good reason for thinking that as students, young Anderson and Butler were antagonistic spirits, and that they settled several disputed questions other than by reason and argument. The traits manifested by Butler as a student clung to him through life, and may have suggested the warning Dr. Anderson often gave in his most vigorous style to the students: "Young men, be careful what you do in college. A man's reputation in college will stick to him all through life, as Nessus's shirt to Hercules."

During his four years in college frequent correspondence was carried on between the father and son. The son's letters, many of which have been preserved, show not only his deep interest in and affection for those at home, but his alert-

ness to all the events occurring in the college world, and to all topics of public and political import. He never returned to Bath except for brief visits. After entering upon his duties as Professor at Waterville, which he did the second year after his graduation, he had his family join him there in 1845, where three years later his mother died.

At the time of his conversion young Martin's mind was seriously turned to the ministry. The question of his life work appeared too momentous to be decided hastily, so he put it off, determined to be guided largely by providential indications. After his graduation, the way seemed to open for him to follow his cherished desire, and in the autumn he entered the theological seminary at Newton. Possibly from lack of funds, more probably from the feeling that he should be near his parents in their advancing years, he decided not to return to the seminary for the middle year, but instead to take up the work of teaching. That one year in the seminary, however, was eventful for him, for among the students for whom he formed special attachment was Ezekiel G. Robinson, who afterward became the distinguished president of the Rochester Theological Seminary. The associations of student days were renewed and strengthened during the years of their residence together in Rochester. Dr. Robinson later became president of Brown University, accepting thus the office that had been tendered to Dr. Anderson and

declined by him. Under Dr. Robinson's able administration "Old Brown" enjoyed again something of the enviable reputation that it attained under President Wayland. Dr. Robinson won distinction in the educational world as a scholar and as a teacher and theologian.

In the autumn following young Anderson's year in the Newton Institution, he was chosen tutor in Latin, Greek and mathematics in his Alma Mater in Waterville. He rendered acceptable service in this department for three years, when he was appointed to the chair of rhetoric, for which he felt in many ways he was especially qualified. In the days of his college presidency, years later, he seemed to show a keener interest in the conduct and development of this department than in any other, although he was qualified to take the classes of any department in a professor's enforced absence. While professor at Waterville he passed through the painful experience of seeing the young lady to whom he was engaged, stricken, gradually weaken, and finally pass away, breaking up many cherished plans and filling his days with gloom.

As his own health afterward appeared to be somewhat impaired, he decided to spend the winter vacation of 1842-43 in the more genial climate of Washington, D. C. He supplied the pulpit of the E Street Baptist church of that city, and afterward had the opportunity of preaching in the House of Representatives, where he made so deep an impression that his friends in and

outside Congress endeavored to persuade him to settle as pastor in Washington. He declined to listen to their pleadings, for he cherished the firm hope of returning to Newton. Possibly the way would open for him to do so the next autumn. The development of a weakness of the throat, causing at times an almost entire loss of voice, a trouble from which he suffered all through his life, decided him, however, to give up all thought of the ministry and to devote himself to teaching.

About two years later Professor Anderson made a visit to New York, and supplied the pulpit of the Tabernacle Baptist church, situated at Tenth Street and Second Avenue, at that time one of the strong, substantial churches of the city. One of the active, influential men in the church was Deacon Joshua Gilbert, a man of large business affairs and a brother of the wife of William Colgate, much esteemed in Baptist circles in the city. After the morning service the young professor-preacher was invited by Deacon Gilbert to his home for dinner. The house was of the homelike, hospitable, Southern type occupying a large open plot on West Fourth Street. The family consisted then of Deacon and Mrs. Gilbert, one son, Joseph, and two daughters, Ann and Elizabeth Mary. The meeting of Martin and Elizabeth, like many such "accidental meetings," if not a case of love at first sight, was of such mutual understanding as soon to ripen into an engagement which terminated, because of the sudden

death of Deacon Gilbert shortly afterwards, in a speedy marriage.

In all externals, the bride and groom were the opposites of each other. It was the marriage of ruggedness to refinement, of greatness to gentleness, of early struggles and hardships to careful and cultured city breeding. But as opposites are said to have more tastes and traits in common, they seemed bound together by more than usual bonds. Their married life was one of rare union of interests and happiness. The marriage took place in August, 1848, and Professor Anderson took his bride to Waterville, where she made a home for the father and sister of her husband, who had been living quietly by themselves since the mother's death. For two years they continued to live in Waterville, years marked by happiness and peace in the home, but full of disquietude and unrest for the young husband, because of the deep sense of restricted environment, and of longing for some larger field of usefulness and service. The animated teacher felt within him the stirrings of a larger, fuller and more responsible life; something possibly of the powerful educational force he was to become as the head of a growing college in another State. In Rochester, in after years, the students who came to know and appreciate Mrs. Anderson found that, in appearance, taste, carriage and dress, she was a lady of the type rarely seen to-day. She was an unfailing source of helpfulness and in-

spiration to Dr. Anderson. Like Mrs. Gladstone, she was always to be found close by the side of her husband, loyally supporting him in every good endeavor. In all matters of moment Dr. Anderson sought her counsel, and, in rendering his decisions, relied upon her clear, almost infallible insight. She possessed great tact, artistic and cultured taste, admirable judgment and rare gentleness and grace of manner. While she was deeply interested in all that pertained to the welfare of the University, about the only opportunity the students had of meeting her was at the senior reception or the president's levee of commencement week, when she was the main attraction of the largely attended and enjoyable gatherings.

While he was restless and impatient under the routine work of the class-room, the tender of the editorship of *The New York Recorder,* a Baptist weekly, published in New York City, was made to Professor Anderson. The opportunities afforded by a great city, and the wide influence of an editor were considerations that appealed strongly to him, and in 1850 he resigned his professorship at Waterville and went to New York to assume the editorial conduct of *The Recorder,* which he continued for three years. Associated with him in the new undertaking was Rev. James S. Dickerson, D.D., who gave his special attention to the financial management of the paper. At once, on the new editor assuming charge, the paper came into marked prominence, exert-

ing a compelling and inspiring influence in the field of religious journalism, and increased notably in circulation. Dr. Anderson's editorials bore evidence of alertness, fearlessness, great wisdom and sound judgment, while the new editor showed vision, profound conviction and tactful leadership,—qualities essential to a successful journalist.

The two great questions then prominently engaging the attention of Baptists were Bible revision and the removal of Madison University from Hamilton, N. Y., to Rochester, a stirring city in the western section of the State. Editor Anderson gave much space, wise discretion and great discernment to the discussion of these questions of momentous import at that time to all Baptists. He was also an ardent advocate of the cause of foreign missions, and did all he could to stimulate a larger interest in the churches and to further the efforts to enlarge the work. In the controversy which resulted in the formation in 1850 of the American Bible Union by a majority who withdrew from the American and Foreign Bible Society for the purpose of "procuring and circulating the most faithful version of the Word of God throughout the world," *The Recorder* boldly championed the opposition against such advocates as Drs. Spencer H. Cone, Thomas Armitage and Thomas J. Conant.

With respect to the "removal controversy," the paper from the first had been favorable to the

change, and gave the majority of the trustees and of the committee, who had espoused the removal project, efficient aid and support through its columns. Legal difficulties, however, arose, making the transfer of the property interests impossible. Those who had committed themselves to the undertaking, however, were not to be baffled. They obtained a charter and in November, 1850, the University of Rochester was organized in the city of Rochester with a faculty of five professors from Madison University and "more students," Dr. Raymond said, "than we had reason to expect." The springing of the University into being fully equipped, like Minerva from the head of Jove, according to John N. Wilder, first President of the Board of Trustees, furnished Ralph Waldo Emerson an illustration of Yankee enterprise. In a humorous vein Emerson thus pictured the rapid development of the university: "A landlord in Rochester had an old hotel which he thought would rent for more as a university, so he put in a few books, sent for a coach-load of professors, bought some philosophical apparatus, and by the time green peas were ripe had graduated a large class of students." Emerson showed himself to be a better prophet than historian when he said of the university some years later to Professor Joseph H. Gilmore: "I have watched over it in its cradle. I am very certain I shall never follow it to its grave."

At the beginning, hopeful as all the leaders in

the enterprise were, the prospects were not flattering. At the best it was largely an experiment. There was no broad campus, with over-arching trees, and no imposing array of buildings, no body of alumni to give solidity and support, and no endowment. The college was domiciled in a plain, unattractive building located on West Main Street, adjacent to the canal, known as the "Old United States Hotel." This served as dormitory, chapel and recitation rooms for all departments of instruction, the whole equipment being sheltered under one roof. The students' rooms were heated with small box stoves, and the boys had to cut their own wood in the basement and carry it up stairs, thus providing a kind of athletics, as Dr. Morehouse once termed it, which many did not appreciate keenly. Editor Anderson and *The Recorder* continued to give loyal and substantial support to the new educational undertaking. The second year showed marked development and a settled conviction that the future was assured.

The men charged with the success of the new enterprise did not believe that buildings and a campus make a college. They rather were actuated by something of the conviction that President Garfield had when he said: "A college is a student at one end of a log and Mark Hopkins at the other," and they began to look about for a president of the stamp of Mark Hopkins. Their choice fell upon Martin B. Anderson, the young editor of

The New York Recorder. After mature deliberation and on the advice of many friends, chief among whom was Dr. William R. Williams, pastor of the Amity Baptist church, New York, who was one of the first and firmest advocates for the removal, Dr. Anderson accepted the responsible office and entered upon his new duties with the opening of the college year in the autumn of 1853. Dr. Anderson had the highest regard and esteem for Dr. Williams, and when his engagements permitted would be found in Amity church among Dr. Williams's most attentive listeners. He often accompanied him to his home after the evening service, and while Dr. Williams was resting, reclining on his couch, they would have long and interesting conferences on subjects of mutual and absorbing interest. Dr. Anderson often expressed the earnest hope that someone would "Boswell" Dr. Williams.

In the same year that Dr. Anderson became president of the University of Rochester, his friend and fellow-student at Newton, Dr. Ezekiel G. Robinson, then pastor of the Ninth Street church, Cincinnati, Ohio, was elected to the chair of theology in the theological department of the University. In recognition of the honor that had come to its former student-professor, Waterville College conferred, in 1853, upon the new president of the University of Rochester the degree of Doctor of Laws. During the three years of Dr. Anderson's editorial management of *The Re-*

corder he had made his home in Brooklyn. His church affiliations were with the First church of Williamsburg, known as the Eastern District of Brooklyn. His father during these years served as deacon of this church. His only sister, Maria, in whose education and advancement he had always manifested keen interest, died while the family resided in Williamsburg. It is interesting to note that Rev. Morgan J. Rhees, D.D., the fifth pastor of the Williamsburg church,—its pastor during the greater part of the period of Dr. Anderson's membership, his pastorate extending from July, 1850, to his death in January, 1853,—was grandfather of Dr. Rush Rhees, now the esteemed president of the University of Rochester.

Although Dr. Anderson entered upon his duties as president of the University of Rochester in the autumn of 1853, his inauguration did not take place until the January following. No immediate change or marked development was manifest on the coming of the new president. Not until three years had gone did the number of students show any large accessions. In 1856 the entering class numbered forty-seven, and the whole number enrolled was 163. This increase brightened the outlook and led to a movement for a new location and a new building or buildings, as the old quarters had become inadequate and wretchedly out of date. The burden of responsibility and leadership for the new undertaking fell upon the shoulders of the president. He began a personal

canvass for funds, but met with many discouragements and rebuffs. He secured the appropriation of $25,000 from the State Legislature, provided a like sum was contributed by private individuals and friends of the University. He was also cheered and surprised by some large and unexpected gifts. By the autumn of 1859 he had succeeded sufficiently to justify the trustees in beginning work, and the new building was dedicated with appropriate exercises November 22, 1861.

The site secured for the college was an open field on University Avenue, eight acres of which were given by Hon. Azariah Boody and the remainder obtained by purchase; and at the time of dedication, by unanimous action of the trustees, the plain massive stone structure was designated "Anderson Hall." When the college moved into its commodious quarters, the seminary, as a distinct department, under the presiding genius of Dr. Robinson, continued to occupy the "Old Hotel" until by the generosity of Mr. John B. Trevor, of Yonkers, N. Y., a substantial home was provided for it on East Avenue. From time to time new buildings have been grouped about Anderson Hall until now the campus, with broad, beautiful avenues, over-arching elms and a fine array of buildings, presents an attractiveness of which the founders could have only faintly dreamed.

The outbreak of the Civil War, heralded by the shot on Sumter in 1861, had a disquieting influence

upon the college, and aroused to a high pitch the patriotism of a man of the antecedents of Dr. Anderson. From the first "the conservative was transformed into a radical." As he himself said: "I have turned myself into a professional agitator during the time." He gave voice to his patriotic loyalty in chapel. He thundered out his indignation and righteous wrath in the pulpit. He swayed by his eloquence vast audiences that gathered in Corinthian Hall. He was recognized as a "leader in every civic or military meeting which it was possible for him to attend." At a great meeting in Rochester just after the attack on Sumter, it is said, he became so impatient with the indecision and indirectness of the speaker that he arose from his seat on the platform, waved him aside with his right arm, gripped the audience by his first words, aroused and thrilled them with his forceful eloquence and enthusiasm, and raised a regiment on the spot. A few days later, through his efforts this regiment was equipped and ready to go to the front. He shared the fervor of Professor Isaac F. Quinby, of the mathematical department (a graduate of West Point), who "raised the first two-years' regiment in the State of New York, and served until the close of the war." Dr. Anderson found himself greatly perplexed when he came to advising the students about enlisting. Of the forty-five in all,—twenty from the under-classmen and twenty-five from the senior class and the alumni who volunteered to go

to the front,—ten never returned. Their names are commemorated on a marble tablet in the chapel of Anderson Hall. They were also inscribed in the heart of the president, who could never speak of them or of those stirring days without signs of deep emotion. The stress of those stirring and strenuous days, following closely upon the anxieties of the building project, told heavily upon Dr. Anderson's health. To avoid a complete breakdown, toward the end of the year 1862 he and Mrs. Anderson sailed for Europe for a year of recuperation and rest. During his absence he made an extensive collection of etchings and engravings, which he afterward used effectively in his popular Saturday morning lectures, open to the students and to lovers of art in the city.

On his return he found the University suffering from the effects of the war. The number of students had diminished, and funds were low and hard to get. Full of apprehension, Dr. Anderson felt that the college should have an additional endowment of $200,000. Just when the days were darkest, in the spring of 1867, the presidency of Brown University was tendered him with strong pressure for him to accept. There was much in the new offer that was alluring. While he was giving the matter serious and thoughtful consideration, a meeting of Rochester citizens was held to protest against his going. As an outcome Dr. Anderson declined the offer. About $30,000

was raised for a house for the president, funds were obtained for a new laboratory building, and the university entered upon a new era of quiet, healthy growth and of strong, molding influence upon the life of the city and of the denomination with which it was affiliated. New honors came to Dr. Anderson, who began to be known as "the Prince of College Presidents," and as "the Peerless President." He was appointed a member of the State Board of Charities, and of the Commission "to preserve a public park at Niagara Falls." He was also made a member of the commission "to consider the better government of cities." An honor that came to him in 1872, which he valued highly, was his election to the membership of the Cobden Club of England.

When Dr. Anderson went to Rochester his father accompanied him there and made his home with him during his last years, passing away in 1875 at the age of eighty-six. One of the beautiful pictures that always comes vividly before me when I take a retrospective look Rochesterward is the towering form of Dr. Anderson and his aged father, with white flowing hair, and spare but erect figure, locked arm in arm, taking their "constitutional" out University Avenue, or around the campus. The tender devotion and ready helpfulness which the stalwart son exhibited toward the frail father was as beautiful as it was rare.

Probably Dr. Anderson was in the full strength

of his powers, and the college was enjoying the greatest prosperity it had ever attained in 1872, the year of my enrollment among the students. The University of Rochester at that time was everywhere recognized as one of the best of the smaller colleges. Dr. Anderson was never favorable to the idea of a large college. His conception of a college was as far removed as possible from that of the great universities of to-day. His friends believed he could have gone before the Legislature and secured a large appropriation for a great university in the western section of the State, if he had been so disposed, but he did not want it; "would have none of it." He questioned whether some of the larger colleges were not outgrowing the training functions proper to an American college. His idea of a college was that the professors should all be men of recognized standing, and that there should never be so many students that each one could not come in close contact with the professors, and the professors in personal and intimate relations with each of the students. He did not favor the employment of tutors in any department. He emphasized the moral and religious side of instruction, and attendance upon chapel exercises was compulsory. Students were required to attend daily the lectures in their different subjects, and to be prepared to recite when called upon, or be marked accordingly. Excuses were only granted in cases of sickness or extreme necessity. Men were put

upon their honor; their sense of integrity was appealed to; they were expected to be manly in their deportment and conduct. There were no dormitories at Rochester, because Dr. Anderson regarded the dormitory system as of doubtful value. In a highly intelluctual, moral and religious city like Rochester he believed it was better for the boys to find room and board in private Christian homes than to be grouped together in buildings set apart for them on the campus. The brisk walk in the open air to and from the college afforded exercise which many would not have taken if they had lived under the eaves of the University.

Dr. Anderson was a born disciplinarian. By nature he was made to command. He would have found the career of a party leader, a cabinet member, or a general congenial. The boys all stood in awe of him. When they were lining up ready for a rush on the campus, if Dr. Anderson suddenly appeared, they would scatter as leaves before the wind. When they were engaged in "gum-shoe fights" in the halls, and Dr. Anderson called from the stairway or his office door: "Boys! What does this mean?" they would instantly drop their arms to their sides and march in dignified silence into their classrooms. His towering figure and his dominating personality exerted a strong restraining influence about the college. While among themselves the boys usually spoke of him as "Prex" or "Our Prexy," they had such regard

for him, they never transcended the bounds of propriety in their jokes at banquets or reunions. His name was invariably joined with Dr. Kendrick's, who was a great favorite with all classes and was affectionately spoken of as "Kai Gar." Nothing was more dreaded by an under-classman than to be summoned into Dr. Anderson's private office, or to receive his reprimand. Well do I remember the day when he tapped me on the shoulder, as I was walking through the hall, and said: "Come to my room immediately after chapel Thursday morning." What it could mean filled me with confusion and great perplexity until the stated hour arrived. When I appeared before him the meeting was anything but what I had conceived. Looking at me with his piercing gaze as if he looked right through me, he said: "I have been wanting to talk with you about your work in college; how you are getting on, and what your plans are for your life-work." He expressed a deep interest in my future, asked me to come to him any time that I felt he could be of help to me, and then inquired about my exercise. "You are looking pale," he said. "Walking is the best exercise. You must keep out in the open. Walk more, walk more!" A classmate who had been asked to report to Dr. Anderson's room was so frightened by the summons that he would not go until he found some student willing to go with him. At length he was successful, although greatly embarrassed by his classmate's kindness.

His appreciation soon took wings, however, when he learned on presenting himself at the president's office that the other man had been ordered to come at the same hour. But it was in such personal interviews, and in seeking to know the life and needs of the students, that Dr. Anderson supplemented and strengthened the work of the lecture-room, largely guiding and shaping the lives of the boys to his will. In my own case, after my interview, on the street, in the college hall, or at his home, he would speak a word, or give a bit of counsel, showing his eyes were upon me and his interest alive to my future.

To strangers, probably to most of the students, Dr. Anderson appeared blunt, brusque, rigorous and autocratic. He always awakened wholesome respect and fear. But under his rugged surface there was a tender heart and a sensitive spirit. A friend who knew him well said: "He is the easiest man in the world to snub." He looked upon all the students as "his boys," for it was a grief to him that he had no children of his own. He had a fatherly affection and concern for his students while they were in college. One autumn Saturday afternoon the members of two classes were playing a match game of baseball on the campus. It fell to my lot to keep the score. My friend, Duane Squires, was at the bat. He was eager to make a run and batted with such force as to wrench his knee out of place and fell in a heap over the plate. The boys picked him up

and carried him to Anderson Hall, where they made him as comfortable as possible. Dr. Anderson, coming out of his room, manifested the greatest interest, spread the large cape he used to wear over him, and remained with him until he felt it was safe for him to make the effort to get to his home. Then Dr. Anderson helped him up tenderly, told him to take his arm and lean heavily upon him while he walked slowly with him to the avenue and put him on the street car that passed his door. Dr. Anderson also had great pride in the success of his boys after they had left college. When the affairs of the university or engagements to lecture or speak brought him to New York he made it a part of his duty to call upon as many of his former boys as his time would permit, in order that they might be reassured of his unbroken interest and that their love for their Alma Mater might be quickened amid the many absorbing demands of a great city. In the days of my management of *The Christian Inquirer* he called on one occasion at the office in Temple Court. It was only a hurried interview; but the fact that he sought me out, that he put himself to any trouble, and that his few words were full of encouragement, made a deep impression and drew me closer to him than ever.

Dr. Anderson possessed comprehensive and liberal scholarship. His attainments were many and varied. In his case "one science only" would not "one genius fit." He compassed all sciences.

He took his classes through mental and moral philosophy and political economy, including banking, wealth, taxation, protection and free trade. He made a careful study of such subjects as education, jurisprudence, international commerce, treaties, and evolution, and was much in demand as a lecturer in cities, east and west, and as a speaker at conferences and conventions. He was as far removed as possible from an animated cyclopedia or a perambulating parchment. Knowledge with him was not the "be-all and end-all." It was not an acquisition so thrust into the foreground that you could see nothing else, but the instrument, subordinate in character, that he used with great effectiveness because of the harmonious coördination of all his faculties.

Dr. Anderson had a compelling and masterful personality. He had the ability to do for his pupils what Immanuel Kant said David Hume had done for him: He could wake them from their dogmatic slumbers. He illustrated in a notable way what Milton said:

"Under his forming hands a creature grew."

He stamped himself upon the college, upon every department, upon the students, and upon everything with which he had to do. He believed, and he made every student believe, that character is the greatest thing in education. It is not so much *what* one learns as *from whom* he learns it. One may not as a rule remember much of what

he learned in college, but if he had a great teacher he cannot forget the lasting impression that was made upon him.

As a college president Dr. Anderson stood in a class by himself. To his remarkable personality and high scholarly attainments were joined unusual ability as an organizer and administrator. He gave his personal attention and supervision to all the affairs of the college, and to the conduct of each department. Everything that concerned a teacher or student was of vital concern to him. He was often brought in contrast with Dr. Ebenezer Dodge, his contemporary president of Madison, now Colgate University. They were the presidents of the two Baptist colleges in the State, and occasionally appeared on the same platform. They were both tall and of dignified and impressive bearing. While strikingly unlike in other particulars, the emphasis they put upon fundamentals was the same. At the head of the larger colleges of that time were Eliot of Harvard, Dwight of Yale, Barnard of Columbia and McCosh of Princeton, among whom in no way was Dr. Anderson an inconspicuous figure.

Dr. Anderson had his own conception of what a college should do for a man. President Patten held that it is "better to go to college and *loaf* than not to go at all." President Wilson, his successor, said: "If you do not go to college to study, better not go at all." Dr. Anderson was nearer right, it seems to me, when he said: "The

benefit of a college training is to learn how to study." His injunction was: "Spend much time in the library; become familiar with the title-pages of books. Do not try to read everything, but learn where things are, so you can use them when you want to." The chief value of a college education, as Dr. Anderson was given to saying, is to be able "to bring things to pass." His chief business was "to make men." He knew what was in a student, and the process needful to bring it out. In the class-room when with piercing gaze he looked upon the student who was reciting and asked: "Just what do you mean by that?" the student felt those eyes could look right through him. Pretense and shamming were soon unmasked in his presence. No young man could take the course at Rochester without having Dr. Anderson's "mark" stamped upon him. This came to be regarded as the best possible passport to young men entering professional life or having in view an important post in some large financial or industrial enterprise.

Probably the most singularly notable thing about Dr. Anderson's long educational career was that he published no book. No work compiled by him stands to his credit giving the result of his long years of patient research and study. He felt that he had something bigger to do. In 1882 Dr. Anderson wrote to a friend: "The alumni have for two years requested me to take a year's rest and prepare some manuscript or printed matter

for the press. The idea of leaving my work and devoting myself to manufacturing books is to my mind sheer *nonsense.*" Dr. Anderson's chief concern was to make men, and he wanted no other monument than brave, strong, fearless, Godly men, "doing with their might what their hands found to do" in the great task of furthering the intellectual and moral progress of the world. He did, however, find time to lecture and to write a great deal on a variety of themes. A series of articles by him appeared in the *Christian Review,* and numerous articles, lectures, discourses and reports were published in various periodicals, in pamphlet form and in Johnson's Cyclopedia, of which he was associate editor. In his last year, as his strength would permit, he occupied himself with revising some of his addresses with a view to publication. Since his death a compilation of his addresses has been made and published in two volumes under the title, "Papers and Addresses," the editing being a labor of love by Professor William C. Morey, the junior professor in the university, under Dr. Anderson.

Dr. Anderson's Chapel Talks

The distinguishing feature of Dr. Anderson's college administration, and that which probably contributed more largely than he knew to the successful carrying out of his purpose, making a strong moral impress upon every student, was

his "chapel talks," in which he exercised what he termed the "editorial function of the teacher." These talks were sometimes suggested by the passage of Scripture which he read at the chapel exercises and sometimes by the local, State or national questions that occupied the attention and thought of the day. That some idea may be gained of the nature of his "chapel talks" based on a Bible selection the following report, printed in the *Campus* of 1883, may serve as a sample.

The morning Scripture lesson was Ecclesiastes VII, and after reading the fifth verse: "It is better to hear the rebuke of the wise than for a man to hear the song of fools," Dr. Anderson paused and said:

"The capacity to bear rebuke or criticism is a capacity which hardly comes naturally to young men; but you will do well to cultivate this habit of profiting by the criticism you everywhere receive—by hostile and unfriendly criticism, as well as by that of friends. Be sure that your enemies will shoot their critical arrows at the joints of your harness. They pretty generally hit those places. They know you better than you know yourself. Be careful then, I say, to profit by the criticism of those opposed to you—those who are hostile to you.

"There are some men in the world who seem to have a divine commission to set things right with reference to other people. They are meddlesome, disagreeable persons, but you cannot afford to

neglect even their criticism. No man knows himself fully. People are not always conscious of their own blunders. Always profit by the advice of every critic—no matter how fastidious, or how hypercritical.

"Another kind of criticism is that of friends. Of such a character are the suggestions and advice of your teachers and associates, and such is the criticism in your society relations. Although you may not agree with your critics, think over what they say. There may be more in it than you realize at first.

"The same applies to men in society, in business, on the street. Everywhere and always hold yourself ready to profit by the criticisms and rebukes of others. Every man, or almost every man, has clinging to him some idiosyncrasy—some peculiarity of manner, some peculiarity of pronunciation. No one of us is free. Be patient then, and accept with thankfulness all criticism that you receive.

"I have had some curious experience in this direction. I remember once being put in charge of a junior class. Among other duties I was obliged to correct their orations and essays. I remember, in particular, one young man's oration. He was a man of splendid intellect, but expressed himself very clumsily. His thought was excellent; but I spent, I remember, several hours in correcting his work, and then sent for the young man to come to my office. I was troubled with youngness, I know, but I went over the matter as judiciously as possible. But the young man was hurt.

He never got over it. He ever afterward looked at me askance. Another man came to me with an essay which he wished to have corrected. I went over it once, and he re-wrote it and brought it to me again. A second time I went over it, and a second time did he re-write it; and it was not until his work had been criticised and re-written three times, that I felt I could safely leave it. The man was terribly vexed; but his production gave him the first place at Commencement. Well, that man —he died not long after (laughter)—always had a sense of dislike toward me. I did what I did from a sense of duty. It would have been much easier for me to allow his work to pass as it first came to me.

"This state of mind, however, all of you are liable to fall into, and I would caution you to prepare yourselves and train yourselves carefully to bear criticism. It is an excellent thing to be able to bear the 'rebuke of the wise.' There are plenty of men, though, who would rather hear the 'song of fools.' You know how this is. It is so easy to do as 'our men' do.

" 'For as the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of the fool.' This is manifest, also. 'Say not thou, what is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this.' Here is hinted the universal tendency among men toward pessimism. I was talking with a gentleman last evening who constantly looks upon the dark side of things. Every day the world is worse; each day it is becoming more wicked. Well, I sug-

gested that I could see no indications of the truth of his lament. So far as I could see, the world wagged on about as usual. You meet everywhere a class of persons who take this view of life: The world is to-day worse than it ever was before! Nothing to them is done as it should be. The country is on the brink of ruin! We are in the midst of a crisis! *Well,* we are always in the midst of a crisis. I have seen the country ruined time and again. But somehow we have come out all right. There is a Providence in this country—a providence which teaches us of the presence of the power of God and a general over-ruling of men's blunders and failures."

The "talks" suggested by the events of the day were usually more vehement and vigorous. Those were stirring times in the 70's, and Dr. Anderson found in the "current events"—State, national, international, civil, educational and religious,—frequent topics too suggestive of moral lessons to be allowed to pass without comment. He often had so much to say that he did not hesitate to cut largely into the lecture hour following the chapel exercises. As he warmed to his subject his eyes would flash and his whole face and manner would express his moral indignation and wrath, as he gave emphatic and stirring utterance to his protest and hatred of wrong and crime in high places, often raising his powerful arm and striking with his clenched fist upon the desk with a force that made the boys start and look to see if anything

was left but splinters. He appeared to be on such occasions a veritable Jove on some lofty Olympus thundering against the evils of his time.

In those days it was my custom to make notes of some of the most pointed and striking phrases of Dr. Anderson's chapel talks, that I might have something that not only would serve to recall these impressive scenes of college days, but would be a source of inspiration in the years to come. Out of my several note-books I have made the following selections, which may help to freshen the memories of some of the boys, and may awaken regard and esteem for the man on the part of those who never knew him.

Gleanings from Chapel Talks

Since the war young men have been eager to go into business. They even want to leave college to go into business to make money. Oliver Wendell Holmes was a good student and was not in a hurry to get into a profession. His success afterward was largely due to the completeness of the foundation that he laid in his college course. More than ninety per cent of the men who go into business fail. There are great risks in business. A young man might better start in a profession with a small income and work up. He will not have a chance to make a great fortune, but he will have less risk to run and a better prospect for a useful, contented life. Success in life depends upon good character,

good common sense and a disposition to work. A fresh and attractive way of putting things is needed in the pulpit, above everything else. It is better for the young minister to call the church than for the church to call him.

I consider good hand-writing a Christian duty. I often get a letter that I can hardly decipher. I look at it from one position and then from another and still another, and try to read it. Such a writer steals my time. He is just as guilty as if he stole my money. Men have no business to be bad writers. You let yourself all out in a letter. You show your culture in a great many ways. A letter or an essay lets a flood of light right through you; they let one into you in a wonderful manner.

A man sees what he has eyes to see. A man goes all the way to Rome to see the Pantheon. When he gets there he is surprised to see nothing but a building. He sees nothing in it, for it calls up nothing to him, none of its history, none of its associations, none of the ideas connected with it. An uneducated man asked my friend while passing along the streets of Rome who Pont. Max was, supposing it stood for a man's name and not knowing that it was an abbreviation for Pontifex Maximus.

Gentlemen, it will be harder for you to get your intellectual kites up in your time than it was for me. You will have greater competition.

A man cannot doubt his own existence. If he does, he has no *pou sto*. Neither can a man prove his own existence. He cannot go back of those

fundamental principles that underlie the belief in any existence.

Goethe attracts me less than any of the modern poets. He is a man of transcendent genius, but a passage in Scripture applies to him more than to any other,—earthly, sensual, devilish. Byron's poems are a relief compared with those of Goethe. Byron carries the antidote along with the disease. Shelley was an honest infidel, if there is such a thing, and many of his poems give good lessons; but Goethe is wholly bad, nothing redeems him, in my estimation. He dwelt apart from his people, caring little for them. He had no patriotism, no sympathy with his own age or time. He held the same relation to the people and conditions of his time that Erasmus held to the Reformation,—that it was well enough so long as it did not interfere with his affairs.

Men get into grooves, or into such habits of mind that they become almost automatic. For example, a man in the habit of swearing, or drinking, or gambling, has a tendency to become more and more under the influence of the habit. "He that commits sin is the servant of sin." This is the most fearful thing about sinning at all. And then a man's habits are generally transmitted to his children, habits of mind and of body. One of the most distressing things in my experience is to have to do with a young man so weighted in the race of life by the sins of his father that he has no chance with other men. Every man is conscious of some inherited weakness. We must keep constant watch over ourselves, over these

evil tendencies, this drift or current which takes us right off our feet.

There is this difference in men; some control their ideas, and some are controlled by their ideas. John Brown was at first right in his convictions and notions, but after the death of his sons he began to be unsettled and to be controlled by his ideas. A man who devotes his whole thought to inventing or discovering something new, after a while gets so he can see things only one way, and is entirely controlled by his ideas. A man who rides a hobby is a man who is controlled by ideas. It is a good thing to have some hobbies, if you will only ride them at different times. A man might as well be possessed with the devil as to be possessed with one idea. A man's mind is often upset by religion, politics, or some subject to which he has given his mind entirely, and thinks a great deal about it. If you go into an insane asylum and inquire into the history of the various cases, you will find that nine out of ten of the inmates have been brought to their sad condition by giving their entire attention to one idea and thinking about it all the time. If you are going into a profession, take up some subject alongside your vocation. By this means you will keep your mind healthy. A man grows faster by adopting this method. Reading one subject all the time is like eating one kind of food all the time. You cannot do it. A man with a general education has this advantage, that he has tastes for different subjects.

A man should have principles or rules by which

he should guide his life, but you ought to see to it that they are *principles*. I do not know of a word that is used to mean so many things and in so many senses as this. A man may have certain crotchets or whims about things and say, "I cannot do so and so from principle," or "I have principles against such and such actions," or, "I do not see how you can violate your principles so." By general principles many wrong actions may be justified in the begging of the question, or in trying to interpret them in a wrong way.

When it is advertised that Mr. Jones is going to play the organ, and Miss Smith is going to sing, and nothing is said about the minister who is to preach, it shows that the sermon is only the bitter part of the pill, and the other the sugar coating to make it go down easily. People make a great cry about eloquent men, eloquent preachers, but the time has passed when men will be listened to on account of their eloquence. In Parliament they hoot a man down who merely plays with adjectives. In the House of Representatives they will not let a man make a long speech, but say "Give a page to print," and he sends it off to the printer, who says that he said so and so when he did not say a word of it.

Religion is like heat; it does not descend very well, but rises readily and easily. If you will get hold of the lower classes and convert them you will get the upper classes. But if you aim to get hold of the higher classes only you will hardly ever get hold of the lower classes. This is illustrated by the Stoic religion of Rome and

Greece. The reason why the Reformation took such a hold upon all the country was because it took hold of the common people and afterward permeated all classes, even the high and aristocratic.

I know of nothing that will so upset a religious teacher or preacher as great flattery or adulation, especially if the teacher or preacher is a young man. I think this was what weakened the power of Napoleon. He got so that he trusted in his star. He thought he could do anything. Horace Greeley is another excellent example. He was surrounded with a body of flatterers, who tried to use him and did use him, and when he awoke at the close of his life to the way he had been flattered and fooled by his colleagues, it had a terrible effect upon his mind.

Everything in nature seems to work by a sort of rhythmical law. I do not know that it is an improper generalization to say that men of genius show themselves at certain periods in the history of the world. For example, the time of Raphael was a period when there were a great many notable men. This was followed by a period in which there were no very great men. This was followed by another period of men of great intelligence. Genius is the power to work faster and better than other men, or as Webster puts it, "Genius is power to work." We are awed when we think of the amount of work that Michael Angelo and Raphael did. I cannot account for this amount of work except by supposing that they drew the pictures and painted the most diffi-

cult parts and left the other parts for the pupils to fill up. This is illustrated in literature. Mr. Gay and William Cullen Bryant are about to publish a history of the United States. Now Mr. Gay does all the work, while Mr. Bryant criticises and gives it his approval.

There is a sort of notion that men are not appreciated in their own time. Milton and Dante are cited as examples. But this is hardly true. Milton was a republican and would not dance attendance to the Court, so he was put down as much as possible. Milton and Dante made their impression on their own age. A man must impress himself upon his own age and time if he would have a posthumous reputation. Arnold said: "I wish to make an impression upon my own age and time," little thinking that he was doing the very thing to make him popular in after time. Raphael's elements of popularity were kindness of heart, no envious disposition, and symmetry of power. He was not the greatest anatomist of his time, nor was he the most powerful in emphasis of expression; Michael Angelo shows the greater power of expression. His pictures make one think that he said: "I will paint a picture that shows the greatest power of expression ever painted." Raphael combined better than any other painter all the elements that make a good picture. When you first look upon one of Raphael's pictures you have to say, if you are honest, that you are disappointed. This is not much of a picture. As you return to it, however, you find that it grows upon you, and every time

you see it you think it better. There is a class of men who after a few years can be easily compassed or exhausted. You go around one of that class; you find him unchanging, always repeating himself. Others are always changing, always new, always growing. You can never exhaust them.

In the times of Erasmus a man might go over the greater part of the literature then in existence, especially the good literature. But we cannot do it now. It is useless to try to do it. It is not necessary, for books are made now so that we can get at them much easier; labor-saving machines you may call them. All should know what they are, or where you can get them. Dictionaries of law, of oratory, of science, are such books. Besides, there are cyclopedias which are indispensable. A man taking up a profession finds it necessary to know something of the history of the noted men in his profession. They are landmarks by which he can get his bearing. In no other way can he learn his position, or know what has been done by men for his profession. Get this burnt into you: Look up men of note.

Every man has his weak points. We all have a screw loose somewhere, and if we cannot find it, others will. Agassiz, the greatest naturalist of America, left much of his work in an unsatisfactory condition, and many of his theories will be overthrown. So with Cuvier, so with Owen, so with men in every profession. The nearer we get to them the more we see their faults and failings. Every man will cease to grow if he

ceases to work. Some men have their eyes in the back of their head and live in the past. They relate experiences and talk only of times gone by.

Remember the Scotch proverb: "He who sups with the devil must have a long spoon." You cannot touch tar without being defiled. You cannot wrestle with a coal-heaver without getting smutty. You cannot associate with bad men without being affected by it. Be careful about your associates. Be careful with whom you become intimate. So universally evident has it become that "a man is known by the company he keeps" that it has passed into a proverb "noscitur associis." This is not strictly true, but it is true enough to become almost a universal rule. The sad thing about the Beecher trial is that Mr. Beecher ever allowed himself to be intimate with men who had no regard for anything but themselves, and who when they found they were going to be reviled or overthrown were willing to drag other men down with them. If such men have been kind to one, or done one any favor, so much harder do they make it for him. They have something to pry upon then, and something on which to get a good ground for making a case against them.

Be sure to put your points clear and sharp so that anyone can understand them. But you run a risk if you do it. You run a great risk. If you put a thing clearly, so that anyone can understand it, so that an uneducated man can see it readily, so that it coincides exactly with what he thought, he will say: "That is all right. That is just my thought." "Them's my sentiments."

But if you put your points in rather a blind way, they will say: "How smart our minister is! How fine a student!" I remember once that a man said: "Our pastor ought to preach about the metaphysics of religion all the time; he is so smart, so learned; he knows so much about such great things." I knew the man, and knew that he knew nothing about that subject. You may look at a mud-puddle by the side of the road, and it may look to be two thousand feet deep for all you know. Wayland used to say of his brother John, "He dives deep enough, but he always comes up muddy."

A man is not to be blamed for changing his views on minute points. A man who does not change his views must be either omniscient, or a fool. A man who does not change gives evidence thereby that he has stopped growing. You must make a distinction, however, between a man who changes his views for good reasons and one who floats about, who has no basis or foundation. John Henry Newman held implicitly what it took a long time to show explicitly. Once I used to look upon a man who took the position of Keble as dishonest, but since I have read more I look upon a man of this kind with more leniency. Generally men do not change in fundamental principles, but they will change in details as they grow. A man may write a work or works in different years, but at sixty the same statement will be greatly modified from what it was at thirty. Every man in his own experience can look back to his crude, coarse statements or ideas. Man's educa-

tion is better now, so far as it affects details. Fundamental principles are the same. Fundamentals may crop out under new names, but they remain about the same. To some extent, every man stands on the shoulders of those that have gone before him.

The idea of reducing the body to zero, of fasting, of shutting one's self out from the world, of wearing poor clothes and sleeping a few hours at night, is a heathen idea. It is not Christian at all. The Christian idea is not to destroy the body, but to sanctify it and make it holy. We speak sometimes of this asceticism as belonging to the Roman Church. It belongs to human nature. It cropped out among the Jews. It shows itself among the Mohammedans, and every Christian sect has had some dash of it. John Wesley had some of it, but he was wise enough to keep it under. The Society of Friends is another example of the same thing. We think that we should be good Christians if we had no body: that we would not eat too much, nor be so vain or lustful, if we had no body. Paul's idea was to keep the body under by controlling, not by destroying it. God did not make a mistake in making the body; and we must not make a mistake in failing to govern it.

The influence of a name is wonderful. Call a dog "mad," and he will be stoned to death. Be careful how you use names, and how you are controlled by them.

Nations that are strong and powerful will always absorb and overlap weak ones, just as air

will rush into a vacuum. Men, too, who are strong intellectually will seem to over-reach other men, or over-top them. Nineteen men out of every twenty are waiting to be led, waiting to have someone tell them what to do., It is a moral duty for a man to be strong; to go up to that height where men are scarce. There is always room at the top for strong men. It is always a moral duty to be courageous, to go forward.

Build up a reputation and stay by it. A country minister, having a little reputation, thinks he is able to take a higher place and sets out for New York. He cannot take his reputation with him. He cannot box it up in his trunk. It evaporates. After he has been in the city a while, he finds that he has lost it all. Make it a rule to stay where you are. If you leave, do not let anyone dislodge you. Fight, fight! Remember the fable of "The Fox and the Flies." A fox was in a swamp, so entangled that he could not move. Flies came and sucked out half his bood. A swallow flying by says: "I will eat these flies." "No," said Mr. Fox, "If you eat these flies who are full of blood, others will come and take away all the blood I have." Your present cares and trials may be annoying, but others in another place will be just as hard to bear.

It is hard work for men to change or to do differently from what they have been accustomed to do. A teacher after forty or fifty years teaches just as he did at the beginning. He cannot change. So men in business follow the way they were taught when they entered upon their business

career. A new idea or thought on this account is accepted slowly. The followers of Aristotle had got into a rut, and did not want to change. Now-a-days lawyers object to a new code, and ministers to any new system. An English railway contractor in Hindustan thought he would teach the natives the use of the wheelbarrow in making a railway. He had a lot of wheelbarrows shipped out there, and showed the men how to use them. After practicing a while with them he went away. When he returned he found them using them, but filling them with dirt and then putting them on their heads and carrying them away and dumping them. They were accustomed to carrying dirt on their heads in baskets, and they could not change. Be careful, and do not get hide-bound and stiff, or form the habit of always looking back. Never say: the times are degenerating, the girls are not so pretty, the men not so good and earnest, the ladies not so educated. Do not have your eyes always in the back of your head. Also guard against the opposite tendency. Do not get the habit of always saying, "Everything is better than it used to be." The world is advancing, but it is a long way from perfection yet.

People segregate Newton apart from all the rest of his age, and when the law of gravitation is mentioned, they instinctively think of Newton. But the fact is, he only happens to be the one by whom the law was finally arranged. Others had done as much as he toward discovering it.

There is no question of the fact that there was a general diminution of the people of Europe on

account of the French Revolution. All the strong, able-bodied men were required to fight battles, so that nobody was left at home but boys and old men and cripples. The next generation was weak and sickly, weak in mind, in body, and in every respect. This is true of every country in which there have been many wars.

Some want to know what is the use of studying Latin and Greek. Those peoples all died long ago. What use are their languages now? What is the use of studying the history of medicine? Modern books are twice as good. Why spend so much time in studying up the processes of development, when the results can be so readily and easily obtained? Just for this reason, that the study of the processes of development by which men arrive at results are more profitable than the results. Take the history of the barometer, from Pascal down to Faraday. The results may be learned in a short time, but the different experiments these men performed and the processes by which they arrived at the result are vastly more important. The law against treason which is embodied in the Constitution is short and can be learned in a few minutes; but in order to understand that law and why it was put in the Constitution instead of the law against stealing, involves the knowledge of English history and the feudal law. Men are all the time inventing and applying for patents, spending much time and painstaking labor, but when they visit the Patent Office they find in many cases that their ideas had been worked out long

ago. This is a practical illustration of men working, not knowing the history of any of the patents.

One of the hardest things for us to understand as Protestants is, what sort of thoughts and ideas are in the minds of the Catholics when they worship the saints and the Virgin Mary: What motives and feelings do they have? We cannot understand how the priests get hold of the people in such manner. We may say that Romanism is baptized heathenism. The priests have gotten hold of the old mythology of the heathen and baptized it. Castor and Pollux have been exchanged for St. Helena, and Venus has been exchanged for Mary.

I shall never feel right till I have thrashed a plumber. I have a moral indignation against the whole class, on account of the poor way they work. They ought to have their noses held over the mouth of a sewer until they have been impregnated with the gas and the fever has threatened them, so that they could see how they like it.

The common prayer over the whole of Europe was, "Deliver us from the Turks, the devil, and comets." The Turks were once strong, rich and powerful, but they became, on account of their riches, licentious and fast livers, and therefore weak and effeminate. Nobody would now think of getting anything uplifting from the Turks. They have no armies, no naval system. They became just such men as are to be found on Fifth Avenue to-day. New York men who live between Paris and New York; men who sleep daytimes and

are up nights; who are pale, thin, sickly, with sunken chests and spare legs, running out in one generation. The servants in the kitchen come up and occupy the parlors which they furnished.

At a dinner given in 1816, Commodore Decatur gave the following toast: "Our country, may she always be in the right, but our country, right or wrong." This phrase had a large run, but it embodies a principle that is not right. If it means anything, it means that our interests and obligations to our societies, to our church, to our country, transcend our obligations to the everlasting distinction between right and wrong. It is on this account that evil comes out of being connected with a secret society, such as Masons or Odd Fellows. It is this that led most of the Southern States into the late war. The majority of the people were not in favor of secession, but for the sake of obligations to the South they were led to do wrong; to do what they did not desire to do.

A bad habit will stick to a man like the shirt of Nessus to Hercules. A man's reputation in college will stay by him in life. A man noted for being tricky in college will find that it will stay by him, and if he ever tries to get a place, people will be afraid of him, and will fear lest he play the same tricks upon them. The worst reputation a man can have is to be noted for being tricky, or having two faces under one hat, of living two lives. The hardest thing for a young man to learn is "to suffer wrong rather than to do wrong." A man as president of a bank, as presi-

dent of an insurance company, or of any company or organization, will do things that he would no more do as a man than he would sever his right hand from his body.

You cannot afford to be ignorant of foreign countries and peoples. The world has shrunk. It is not half so large as it used to be. Places are nearer to each other. It will be just as much a disgrace for you to be ignorant of China as for me to be ignorant of the Carolinas.

Some think that an extempore speaker gets up and originates all his thoughts and ideas on the spur of the moment. This is all nonsense. He only draws upon his past knowledge, the conviction and views that he has settled before. He gets hold of one word and pulls it out, and by that another, and so on. They may come tail first, but they come if his mind is full. Tap an empty barrel, and nothing will come out of it; tap a barrel full of muddy water, and muddy water will run out of it.

There is a good deal of philosophy in the phrase, "Go it while you are young." If you feel impressed with the idea of taking responsibilities, take them; or of writing a book, write it. Sir William Hamilton read all the time, but he never wrote like the schoolmaster in Longfellow's "Kavanagh."

A man says he is a pantheist; that he is only a particle here in the great world of being; only a drop in the ocean of life. He says, "I am nothing, I can do nothing, only as a part of the great

plan. I have no personality." Is it true that you who will and think have no individuality, no identity? Are you, who say and do as you please, a part of the *to pan,* and have no will of your own? In the very assertion that you make, "I am a pantheist," you deny that you are a believer in that doctrine. The ego will show itself, no matter how you fix it. I, a particle, run against another man, another particle, who is a pantheist, and knock him down. The contact of the particles is pretty severe indeed, and the pantheist thinks so, and he goes and has me locked up. If you steal his horse, he forgets his doctrine and says, "You are a dangerous man and ought to be taken care of." So it is with the idealist and the materialist.

I gave the following rules to a young man who was going into the army as a captain, as absolutely essential for him to follow if he would command and lead: 1. Show your men that you know more about the art of war than any one of them. 2. Show your men that you are morally better than any one of them. 3. Show your men that you have more pluck than any one of them.

All men who do good work in any field are respected wherever they are. The confused and wandering condition in which the people of Arabia and the surrounding country were, caused them, more than anything else, to accept Mahomet as a leader. They wanted a leader; they even advertised for one. It is a rule that a large portion of the world is waiting for someone to come to lead them. You need not be great or learned in

order to lead. You have seen families where the woman was the acknowledged head; others where a little child five years old was the one who led the others about.

It is easy for a man to grow down like a cow's tail, but it is hard to develop upward. It is easy for a man to be idle; it is easy for a man to be sensual; it is easy for a man to go to the devil. The road is easy down hill; it allures one on and we all have to exert our powers to the utmost to keep from going down. We need all the good outside and inside influences possible to keep us from becoming as low as many about us. Men in the large cities who frequent saloons and all vile places are men who have got far down the hill. They have gotten so low in one generation, sometimes in their own life-time. They are as low as the savages of any uncivilized country. Go into the poorhouse and penitentiary and ask the inmates there how it is that they came there, and they will say their ancestors were highly respectable people, intelligent, wealthy and religious. They will never say that they are on the road *up* from lower grades of society, but are going down from *higher* grades of society. This is conclusive proof against those who argue that we are developing from the monkey. Men cannot develop up hill. All history shows this.

There is probably more of the ancient world below the ground than there is above it. There are now three or four cities overlying each other

in Rome, and as you go through the city you see the different cities cropping out, and as you read you see it too.

A college can do a great deal for a man, but it cannot furnish him brains.

There was never any question as to Dr. Anderson's alert and keen interest in all public affairs. How wide and deep his interest was, his full and active life abundantly shows. When the heroic statue that now adorns the circle in front of Anderson Hall was ready for mounting, there was considerable question, because of Dr. Anderson's large outside activities, as to the most fitting place for its location—the campus, or the plaza in front of City Hall. Dr. Anderson's Americanism was of the patriotic type. He believed in American institutions and labored for their establishment and improvement. He made a careful study of all subjects engaging the thought and attention of the people and sought opportunities, if they did not come to him, of making his views known through the press, or by letters to prominent government officials. He foresaw many of the problems of this later day, growing out of the vast tides of immigration, the development of the untold resources of the West, the piling up of enormous fortunes, and the abuse of the franchise. His practical views appealed to the people. He was a man to tie to in any crisis. He was

many-sided, broad-minded, and had a vision. He had large faith in the future of the country. He would have the men that are charged with the responsibilities of government and with directing the thought of the people see to it that our institutions are so safeguarded, and our laws so framed and administered, as to promote the highest political, educational and religious welfare of our growing Republic.

In his church relations Dr. Anderson was a Baptist, both from training and conviction. He believed in the principles of the Baptists, yet for his time he had unusual sympathy and wide fellowship with those of other faiths. He was not so much interested in the theological side of religion as he was in its practical workings. What a man was, meant more to him than what he professed to believe. He had a great sense of pride in what the Baptists as a body of Christians had done in shaping democratic ideas, and in developing the principles that have been operative in the progress of the people. He believed that the great foundation truths for which Baptists stand have been dominant in our national life and are destined to control civilization in the future. While he was president of the University he and Mrs. Anderson were associated in membership with the Second Baptist church of Rochester, the services of which he attended with great regularity, including the weekly prayer meetings. He

also showed his interest in denominational movements and growth by his presence at missionary conventions, educational conferences, and May Anniversaries, and by making addresses or taking part in the discussions. He rendered a great service to his denomination, and in turn was honored by the denomination. He served as president of the Home Mission Society and for three years of the Missionary Union. He was, as he said, "a dyed-in-the-wool Baptist," and he was never ashamed of his colors.

Coincident with the commencement exercises of the class of '76, was the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the university. Instead of the usual address to the graduating class, Dr. Anderson gave an address of great impressiveness and power on the work and aim of the university. He made an earnest plea for a larger equipment and a more adequate endowment. The movement previously inaugurated had already produced tangible results in the Sibley Library building, which Mr. Sibley kindly put at the disposal of our class for our class-day exercises, a unique dedication for a building of this character. The anniversary was made the occasion of quickening enthusiasm in the effort to raise a quarter of a million dollars. Millionaires were not numerous in those days, and gifts of hundreds of thousands were almost unheard of. Dr. Anderson realized that great cour-

age and persistency would be required to make the undertaking a success; but he was invincible in his purpose.

While struggling with the problems connected with the raising of this endowment fund, he was urged to go to Chicago to save the university there, which had reached a crisis in its history. He spent the summer of 1877 in Maine, where he had such a serious illness that his friends would not have been surprised to have heard of his death at any time. He was, however, mercifully spared, but went South for the winter, his health not having been sufficiently restored for him to take up his college duties in the autumn, and he did not resume them until the following summer. The nervous strain involved in raising the endowment proved such a source of anxiety and so heavy a drag upon his energies that those who stood nearest to him were fearful of a physical and mental collapse, involving the giving up of his work altogether. With the assurance that the effort would eventuate in success, and especially after the completion of the task in 1881, his health materially improved, and his spirits became more buoyant and hopeful.

But the continuous and unbroken strain had left its mark. Men returning to commencement spoke among themselves with bated breath of "how he had aged." His hair had whitened, his shoulders had become bent, and, most pathetic of all, he

could only get about by the aid of two canes. It was impossible to believe that this was our "Grand Old Man" of only a few years before.

> "But I forgot, when by thy side,
> That thou could'st mortal be."

Dr. Anderson had the conviction that his work was nearly done, and was impelled to resign. But wiser and better counsels prevailed. He did, however, decline many outside calls, and made few public addresses. He came to the New York State Missionary Convention meetings at Rome, in October, 1884, in response to my invitation as secretary, and made one of his old-time, inspiring addresses in opening the discussion on the topic "Fifteen Years of Baptist History in the State of New York." This was his last appearance before the Baptists of the State. A year later he delivered a series of lectures before the students of Crozer Seminary, on "Ethical Science," at the close of which a reception was tendered to him and Mrs. Anderson by the Social Union of Philadelphia, which was a notable and fitting testimony to the man and his work. This was his last public appearance before the Baptists of the country.

Dr. Anderson had long listened to the persuasion of his friends and the trustees of the university to remain in the presidency of the institution. He determined now to do what he had

strongly felt for some time it was his duty to do—to resign. His health was enfeebled, his lameness had increased, and Mrs. Anderson was very delicate and unable to bear the rigors of the Northern winter. Therefore in April, 1888, he presented his resignation to the Board of Trustees, which was accepted with sincere regret, and he closed his duties as president with the June commencement following. Gloom pervaded all the exercises, and the hearts of the older graduates and friends of the University were very heavy. The alumni dinner was given over almost entirely to expressions of love and esteem for the retiring President on the part of the faculty and students and supporters of the college. Tributes were also paid to Mrs. Anderson for the quiet, graceful and cultured way she had supplemented the work of her husband and aided in all that pertained to the welfare of the college and students. Words of welcome and assurance of coöperation were also extended to Dr. David Jayne Hill, for ten years president of Bucknell University, whom Dr. Anderson had chosen as his successor.

Dr. and Mrs. Anderson spent the winter in Florida, returning north for the summer. Free from all care, they both enjoyed a good measure of health. After a pleasant and happy season at Fairhaven, Vermont, they returned in October to Lake Helen, Florida, where they had spent the

preceding winter. Dr. Anderson had so much improved that he continued the work which he had begun in Vermont in the summer, of reviewing and preparing his printed addresses for the press. Before the year closed, digestive disturbances, from which he had formerly suffered at times, recurred, occasioning distress and great anxiety. After a period of relief, other and more severe attacks followed, running into February, causing great apprehension. While watching by his bedside, ministering as no other one could do, Mrs. Anderson contracted a cold that rapidly developed into pneumonia, which terminated fatally on February 22, 1890. When the distressing word was brought to the sick, enfeebled husband, he was apparently stunned, for he did not manifest any emotion, nor could he suffer any on the part of those who ministered to him. He made all the arrangements for his wife's funeral, selecting the hymns and giving attention even to the minutest details. But the greatly weakened and emaciated body could not long endure under the crushing load of silent and suppressed sorrow. He failed rapidly, and four days after the death of his wife, on February 26th, he yielded up his spirit to Him who had created him. Together Dr. and Mrs. Anderson were borne back to Rochester, their cherished home, and to a host of loving friends. The caskets were taken to Anderson Hall, where they stood for two days, amid scenes

full of tender associations and memories. The double funeral services were held in the Second Baptist church, with which they had been identified for nearly forty years, and they were laid peacefully to rest in Mt. Hope cemetery.

"Nor is this all: for in the lives of those
For whom with patient love he wrought
He will live on inspiring to high thought,
To noble deeds and sweet unselfishness;
Memories of him will comfort in distress
And feelings will surge up which words can
ne'er repress,
Yes, even in their children's children's lives
Some trace of him will be that still survives."

II

EDWARD BRIGHT

TWO reasons may be given for bringing to your attention at this time an appreciative sketch of Dr. Bright. First, he was president of the New York State Missionary Convention for ten years, from 1874 to 1884. He reorganized the Convention and made it an effective missionary agency for fostering and sustaining small and dependent churches, and for bringing the unchurched and indifferent under the power of the gospel. Second, he was editor of *The Examiner* for thirty-eight years, rendering an incalculable service not only to the Baptists of this Empire State, but to the whole country. President Strong, for so many years the head of Rochester Theological Seminary, has paid Dr. Bright this high tribute: "He unified the Baptists of America." Contemporaneous with William Hayes Ward, of *The Independent,* Henry M. Field, of *The Evangelist,* and Samuel Irenaeus Prime, of *The New York Observer,* probably no one of that notable group held a more undisputed position than Edward Bright.

My personal acquaintance with Dr. Bright goes back to the autumn of 1876, a few weeks after my enrollment as a student in Union Theological Seminary, in New York. Landing at the foot of Barclay Street early on a September morning and not being expected to report at the Seminary, located then at 9 University Place, before 9 o'clock, it seemed that the best way to while "the silent time away" would be to stroll leisurely up Broadway. No more interesting panorama of New York life could be had than was afforded at that time by a walk up this great thoroughfare.

In the throng of keen, eager faces not one appeared that I had ever seen before, forcing home upon me the truth of the saying: One is not more alone in a wood than in the heart of a great city. Eyeing intently the never-ending stream of men and women hurrying and pushing by, the torturing thought flashed over me: "Here you are alone in New York and you do not know a soul." Hesitating for a moment and then looking eagerly about as if those nearest to me must know of my sudden feeling of strangeness and loneliness, I gathered myself together instantly and quickened my pace uptown.

Nearing the old New York Hotel, a landmark widely known in those days, what was my surprise to see in the never-ending stream of people the familiar face of Henry C. Vedder, whom I had known as a student in Rochester Theological Seminary, when I was in college. On his gradua-

tion he had come to New York to join the editorial staff of *The Examiner and Chronicle*. Our greeting was like that of long-time friends. He inquired as to my errand to the city; asked me to call on him some evening, and to come down to *The Examiner* office some afternoon, when he would introduce me to Dr. Bright. With lighter step I hastened on to the Seminary.

Some weeks later after classroom work had settled into a routine, and the sense of strangeness had given place to a home feeling, I set out for a call at the *Examiner* office. In those days *The Examiner and Chronicle* was located at 38 Park Row, on the second floor of the *Times* Building, a central position in what was generally known as "Newspaper Row," commanding a fine view of City Hall Park. After a short chat in a subdued tone with Mr. Vedder, for the presence of a dominating personality, enjoining quiet and close attention to duty pervaded the office, he conducted me into what was known as the "private sanctum" and introduced me to Dr. Bright.

I had known from boyhood of Dr. Bright through his paper which had come as a weekly visitor into our home. I had seen him at the University of Rochester on the occasions of the meetings of the Board of Trustees of which he afterwards became President, and had heard him speak at the alumni dinners. He was then well past three score years, and had probably attained the full measure of his power and influence as a

journalist. He was at that time unquestionably one of the most conspicuous figures in Baptist denominational life. The impression I had gained, however, somewhat vague, yet shared by many at that time, was that he was unapproachable, austere, autocratic, somewhat brusque and quite taciturn. My feeling in consequence was that of quiet observation and something of perturbation as I stood face to face with him in the sanctity of his own private office.

His greeting was cordial, his manner affable and his interest fraternal. He inquired about the Union Seminary, spoke of his admiration for Henry M. Sanders, a recent graduate, and asked on my turning to leave, if in my visits to churches to hear the different Baptist pastors, I would make a news item of anything that might be of general interest for the paper. More hung on that brief interview than was dreamed of by either of us at the time. As a small stone may change the current of a stream, so looking back over the lapse of years, it is not too much to say that in those few moments were wrapped up the influences that had much to do in shaping the course of my life.

Some weeks later Dr. Bright sent for me. On reaching the office he said: "Dr. William R. Williams, the pastor of the Amity church, New York, is to deliver a course of lectures on Baptist history, and I would like to have you report them for *The Examiner,* the name he always used in

speaking of his paper. The acceptableness of the payment for this first newspaper work to a seminary student can better be imagined than described.

The following spring Dr. Bright asked me to accompany him to Cleveland, Ohio, to make a report for the paper of what was generally spoken of as the "May Meetings." In June he sent me to Hamilton, N. Y., to write up the commencement exercises of Madison, now Colgate University. In October, at his request, I went to Binghamton, N. Y., to report the meetings of the State Missionary Convention, of which he was president, and a year later to Rochester, N. Y., to make a report of the Convention meetings in that city. During this period our relations were marked by great civility and friendliness, but they had in them nothing that could be regarded as of a close and intimate character.

When in the summer of 1879, after my graduation, opportunities came for supplying churches seeking a pastor, he expressed deep interest whenever any serious consideration was given to the question of settlement. Finally when it became necessary to render a decision, without wishing to seem to influence me unduly, he suggested that I wait until something else opened. Seeing my reluctance at following such a course, he said: "If you are free in October, the State Missionary Convention may want you for Corresponding Secretary."

The thought of any position outside a pastorate had never occurred to me. I questioned seriously the wisdom of giving consideration to anything in place of my long-cherished plans, and had grave doubts about the Convention choosing a young, untried man for so responsible a position. In my uncertainty I determined in myself to leave this question, as many former ones,—to the leadings of Providence. When the office of secretary of the New York State Missionary Convention came to me all unsought at the Rochester meeting, my acceptance was largely due to the convincing reasons presented by Dr. Bright, and immediately after the close of the Convention I entered upon my secretarial duties.

Dr. Bright had been president of the State Convention for five years. A part of that time he had also acted as treasurer. He was re-elected in succession for five more years, making a round decade in all. He positively declined thereafter re-election. While president he was in a large sense the Convention. The secretary's desk was in the office of *The Examiner,* and all the details of the work came under Dr. Bright's personal inspection and supervision. During the five years of my secretaryship under Dr. Bright's administration we were brought into close personal relationship. I saw him daily when my duties did not take me out of town. It was my privilege and pleasure to be a frequent guest at his home, both at Yonkers and in the city. I played croquet with

him, a game that he greatly enjoyed, accompanied him to college and convention gatherings, was associated with him in church relationship, heard from his own lips the story of many eventful experiences in his remarkable life, and shared in an unusual degree his confidence and his friendship. In a burst of fraternal, fatherly feeling he said to me, after an evening spent with him in his parlor, "I have never spoken so frankly to any other young man, nor taken one so fully into my confidence." When he ceased to be president my desk and all the records and books of the Society were removed to 116 Nassau Street. From daily intercourse our meetings thus became less and less frequent, and were more and more of a business character. After the financial crisis in 1884, involving serious differences among leading Baptists in the city, Dr. Bright withdrew from the Calvary church to become a member of the Fifth Avenue church, thereby severing many long established personal and church relations.

Dr. Bright came of pure English stock, of the generation that boasted that England

> "never did, nor ever will
> Lie at the proud feet of a conqueror."

He was the son of Edward and Winifred Bright, and probably the eldest of twelve children, five of whom died before reaching maturity. Very little is known of his early life. Dr. Bright never

offended by talking about himself, least of all about his antecedents and childhood. The essential facts of his early life have a special interest in the form stated by himself in his brief autobiography written on October 8, 1885, his seventy-seventh birthday:

> This is my birthday. I was born on this day of 1808, in my father's farmhouse, near to Kington, a market town of Herefordshire, England. It was at Kington I went to school and Sunday school, my father and mother being members of a little Baptist church at that place. When I was eleven years old my father came to this country with all his family. I have found this a pleasant world to live in and my health is now so good that it seems like a dream that I should have seen so many birthdays. "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life."

When the father migrated to America in 1819 he found a temporary dwelling place in the old Richardson homestead at Vernon, Oneida County, New York. Shortly afterward the family settled in Utica, a flourishing town in the Mohawk Valley. They were probably drawn to this region because of its being a Baptist center, as were the Scotch Covenanters to Galway in Saratoga County.

The boy Edward could not have had much schooling before coming to this country, and the only opportunities he had here were limited to the common school and to a short period at the Cortland Academy at Homer. He made up largely for his own lack of early training by wide reading

and study. He was a careful student of the Bible, and knew English history and literature. Few had a wider knowledge of denominational affairs than did he. While at Homer he probably was brought under the ministry of "Elder" Alfred Bennett, who founded the Homer church in 1807, and remained pastor until 1832,—a year made notable for Baptists by the organization of the American Baptist Home Mission Society. Dr. Bright used to like to speak of the spiritual zeal and piety of this consecrated man of God, whom he esteemed as one of the most potent missionary forces in his time in New York State. No doubt he also formed the acquaintanceship of the sons, Cephas and Dolphus Bennett, with whom he came later in close personal relationship. He also probably became acquainted with Adeline Osborn, daughter of Deacon Osborn, to whom afterward he was joined in marriage on January 25, 1830.

When he had attained the age of sixteen, casting about for something to do, he determined to learn the printer's trade. While serving his apprenticeship in the office of the *Utica Gazette* he found his ambitions would not be satisfied short of some opening calling for the exercise of the business capacity which he knew he possessed. In the meantime Cephas and Dolphus Bennett had established a publishing house in Utica, having among other contracts that of printing *The Baptist Register,* of which Alexander M. Beebee was editor. In 1828, when Cephas Bennett felt im-

pelled to give himself to foreign missionary work, and set sail for Burma, Edward Bright purchased his publishing interest. The business, enlarged by the addition of a book store, was continued under the name of Bennett & Bright. A Historical Sketch of the Baptist Missionary Convention of the State of New York, issued in 1837, bears the imprint of this publishing house.

Prior to his embarking in the publishing business, Mr. Bright's thoughts had been seriously turned to religion. After much "exercise of mind" he professed conversion during a powerful religious awakening in Utica in 1825, and was baptized in the Mohawk River on August 7 of that year by "Elder" James Clark, then pastor of the Broad Street church. Soon afterward he was promoted from the ranks of a pupil to that of Sunday school teacher, and then to superintendent. His efficiency and ability as superintendent were so generally recognized that his services were always in demand, even outside the bounds of his denomination. When the Broad Street church established in 1837 a mission in West Utica, young Bright was made superintendent of the Sunday school. Out of this mission school came the Bethel church, which was organized in Mr. Bright's house on March 31st, 1838. Subsequently this church exerted a wide influence under the name of the Bleecker Street church. It is now known as the Park church.

Mr. Bright's early interest in and love for the

Sunday school, and his deep conviction of the indispensable place the Sunday school held as "the nursery" of the church, continued with him to the end. His services were always at the disposal of the schools, as teacher or superintendent, in the churches with which he afterward became associated. When he moved to Yonkers he was active in founding the Nepperhan Avenue Sunday school, of which he was superintendent for many years, and which subsequently grew into one of the flourishing churches of that city.

Shortly after the organization of the Bethel church, Rev. L. O. Lovell became pastor, holding the position for one year and a half, until January, 1840. Mr. Bright had been superintendent of the Sunday school; he had been one of the prime movers in the organization of the church; he had had considerable experience in conducting meetings and as a lay preacher, and in this emergency the church turned to him for leadership. After much prayerful consideration he felt that he could not disregard this providential indication to give himself to the gospel ministry. Because of the sacrifice involved in the change for his family, he hesitated about speaking to his wife of how deeply this new conviction had taken possession of him. Finally he summoned courage and said, "Adeline, I have something I want to confide in you." When he told her how the Spirit had been operating upon his mind, and that he felt he must give himself to preaching the gospel,

said she, "Edward, I have been waiting for weeks for you to tell me of this glad decision." With joyous trust he accepted the call of the Bethel church, extended to him in April, 1840, and was ordained the following June 3, meanwhile retaining his interest in his business to insure the maintenance of his family. Later convinced that he should give his whole time to his church, he sold out his interest in the publishing house to Charles C. Backus, the firm then becoming Bennett, Backus & Hawley.

In the fall of 1841 he accepted the urgent call of the Homer church. There were no reasons why he should have been attracted away from his young church in Utica, after a year and a half of service, except those of the splendid traditions of the Homer church and the field it afforded for a wide and useful ministry. Homer, to be sure, had been the early home of Mrs. Bright, to whom early associations were tender and precious. He must also have had delightful memories of the beautiful New England-like town from his school days at the old academy. It is my suspicion, however, that Elder Bennett had a great deal more to do in bringing the church he had served so long and the young Utica Pastor together than any other influence. The Homer pastorate was entered upon the first Sunday in December, 1841. "Elder" Bright was soon recognized as a man of power, and was in demand as a supply of some of the more prominent pulpits and as a speaker at

missionary and educational gatherings. With a church, substantial, responsive, spiritually alive and full of missionary zeal, in the midst of the picturesque and peaceful valleys of central New York, he must have felt that he had an almost ideal pastorate.

The middle of the last century was a period of great denominational interest and activity. The news of the baptism of Mr. and Mrs. Adoniram Judson, which reached America in February, 1813, had aroused the Baptists to a new sense of their responsibility for foreign missions. At a meeting held in Philadelphia, May 18, 1814, in order to meet this new situation was organized the General Convention of the Baptist denomination in the United States for Foreign Missions. This Society came to be known as the General Convention, or popularly as the Triennial Convention, its meetings being held once in three years. In the early 40's serious agitation and division arose in the General Convention over the slavery question, which finally culminated in their organizing at Augusta, May 3, 1845, the Southern Baptist Convention. On the ensuing November 19 a special meeting of the General Convention was held in New York, when a new constitution was adopted and the name was changed to "The American Baptist Missionary Union." The board of managers at a meeting held May 22, 1846, elected Rev. Solomon Peck, D.D., corresponding secretary, and Rev. Edward

Bright assistant corresponding secretary. Again the influence of "Elder" Bennett was probably effective in the selection of the Homer pastor for this highly responsible post, for his word had great weight with the board, because of his fourteen years of efficient service as district secretary of the foreign mission society. A year later the work of administration was divided into home and foreign departments, and Dr. Peck was elected foreign secretary, and Rev. Edward Bright home secretary. "Elder" Bright had been pastor at Homer four years and a half when elected to the secretaryship in Boston. The two short pastorates at Utica and Homer completed his active labors in the ministry.

To Secretary Bright was assigned the duty of providing the munitions at home for the maintenance of the men on the firing line abroad. His early business training, his organizing capacity, his recognized qualifications for leadership, coupled with his missionary interest and zeal, were soon so strikingly manifest as to silence all criticism and to awaken enthusiasm among the indifferent. Those were days of change and transition. They were days when the Northern Baptists were awaking to consciousness, days when there was a demand for a broader vision and for a more exalted endeavor. Secretary Bright was not a spectator, but an integral factor in the movement of those stirring days, and to him was given the credit of shaping the missionary

policy on the home field. In recognition of his efficient services the University of Rochester in 1851 conferred upon him the degree of D.D.

Two events will always make his secretaryship notable: his earnest plea on behalf of the "Lone Star" mission, closing the debate on the question of abandoning the Telegu field and determining the Union to continue and reinforce the "Lone Star" station, and his persistent defense of the deputation sent out by the board to inspect the mission fields and make such changes as they should judge to be for the best interests of the work. Although the authority granted transcended his advocacy in the board of sending the deputation to inquire and report, he defended the policy of his colleague, Dr. Peck, and repelled the attacks made on him by friends at home and missionaries on the field. The controversy waged for some months, and the criticism of the attitude of the home secretary became so caustic that Dr. Bright felt that he could not in justice longer retain the position. He sent his letter of resignation to the board of managers on March 10, 1855. Although the board requested him to reconsider his action, he let it be known that his decision was irrevocable, and he terminated his nine years of labor as secretary with the close of the Society's fiscal year, the May ensuing.

While Dr. Bright was home secretary, in addition to his administrative duties, he was largely responsible for the publications of the Society.

In the publishing of the *Missionary Magazine* and *Macedonian* he found that the early knowledge of printing, acquired back in Utica, was of inestimable value, and in his editorial duties he discovered the gifts that led him into religious journalism, his great life work. He also formed a wide acquaintance among the churches and pastors in all parts of the country, and among the missionaries, home and foreign, which proved a valuable asset in after years. Between him and Dr. Adoniram Judson there was a tender, fraternal feeling growing out of their long and intimate relationship. So highly did Dr. Judson esteem Dr. Bright's business capacity that he made him his executor and probably gave to his youngest son the name of "Edward" as a token of appreciation of the many kindnesses of his long-time friend.

On terminating his secretarial duties in Boston, Dr. Bright came to New York, finding a door ready to open almost without his knocking. Some time previously Andrew Ten Brook had purchased *The Baptist Register,* and removing it from Utica had consolidated it with *The New York Recorder,* under the name of *The Recorder and Register,* Dr. Sewell S. Cutting, of the *Recorder,* continuing as editor. In 1850 Professor Martin B. Anderson came to New York from Waterville, Maine, to take the editorial conduct of the paper. In November of that year the University of Rochester was organized and

opened for students in Rochester. Two years later the presidency of the University of Rochester was offered to Dr. Anderson, who after careful consideration accepted it, entering upon his new duties with the opening of the fall term of 1853, and leaving the responsible editorial position again vacant. Dr. Bright purchased an interest in the *Recorder and Register* and became associate editor and proprietor with Dr. Cutting. The first issue of the paper under the new management appeared in June, 1855, under the name of *The Examiner*. The next year Dr. Cutting was chosen professor of rhetoric and history at the University of Rochester, and Dr. Bright became editor-in-chief of *The Examiner*.

Eight years after coming to New York Dr. Bright experienced his first great family sorrow in the death of his estimable wife, who passed to her reward March 26, 1863. Besides the husband she left four children, one son and three daughters, just entering into young manhood and womanhood. When they began thinking of establishing homes of their own, Dr. Bright took unto himself on October 18, 1865, as his second wife, Anna Leslie Reid, of Rochester, N. Y., a sister of the late James D. Reid, widely esteemed in Baptist circles in this country and in Scotland and England. Three children were born of this union, one son and two daughters. Mrs. Bright was a woman of great force of character, alert mind and engaging personality, and well qualified

for leadership in social and religious endeavor. After a married life of twenty-four years she was taken ill at their summer home on Round Island, in the St. Lawrence, where the family had spent many pleasant summers, and the end came on August 26, 1889.

In 1865, the year of his second marriage, Dr. Bright effected a union of *The Examiner* with *The Chronicle,* the other Baptist paper published in New York, owned and edited by Dr. Pharcellus Church, and the combined paper thereafter was known as *The Examiner and Chronicle.* Dr. Bright never liked this name, and in the early 80's he dropped *Chronicle,* retaining only *The Examiner,* the name chosen when he associated himself with Dr. Cutting as editor. Dr. Bright continued as editor and controlling stockholder of *The Examiner* until failing health in 1893 compelled him to relinquish the editorial management at the end of the long period of thirty-eight years. He passed away peacefully at his home in New York, 170 West Fifty-eighth Street, on May 17, 1894, at the age of close to eighty-six years.

Dr. Bright had been eminently successful as a publisher, as pastor and as secretary, but it was as editor that he attained his highest success and exerted his widest influence. In other spheres as Dr. Eddy was wont to say men outranked him, but in the world of religious journalism he was pre-eminent. He lifted his paper into the very front rank, put it on a firm financial basis, and

made it a powerful weapon to strike down opposition and every form of evil. His ability was recognized in the field of secular journalism, and Editor Raymond, of the *New York Times,* endeavored to induce him to become his associate in the conduct of his great daily. Under Dr. Bright's strong hand *The Examiner* attained its largest circulation, and exerted the most potent influence of any Baptist paper. He possessed great versatility, an indomitable will and tireless energy. He threw the whole force of his powerful personality into the paper. Almost never absent from the office on account of sickness, he in reality lived and moved and had his being in *The Examiner.* He believed that the paper was set for the defense of the distinguishing doctrines of the Baptist faith and the influence the paper had in stimulating Baptist growth—church, educational and missionary—cannot well be computed. In thousands of Baptists homes *The Examiner* was the main Sunday reading, and was regarded with almost the sacredness and authority of the Bible.

Dr. Bright was *The Examiner.* He had in large measure what is known as "editorial instinct." He was the head of all the departments. He knew each day as much about the transactions in the business and subscription departments as did the treasurer or the subscription manager. Nothing of an editorial nature ever appeared in the paper that had not passed under his inspection and revision. He had a style peculiarly his own—clear,

cogent and compelling. He was forceful rather than fluent, dogmatic rather than descriptive, specific rather than speculative, practical rather than theoretical. He never "juggled" with words. No one ever had any trouble in understanding just what his meaning was. He wielded not only an able, but at times a very sharp pen, and men inside as well as outside the denomination were made to feel its sting. He had no patience with men who were ambitious to tear down "denominational fences," and who had not honesty and courage enough to "walk out" of the Baptist brotherhood when they ceased to believe Baptist tenets. Although firm, almost adamantine in his attitude, those who were nearest to him knew that he always had his reasons for any position he might take, and that he had an open mind if he could be shown a better and wiser way. He was extremely sensitive to criticism, and set a high value upon the good-will of his brethren. Dr. Bright, however, had enough of the Englishman left in him to justify Emerson's phrase: "I find the Englishman to be he of all men who stands firmest in his shoes." It is a question whether at any other time a denominational paper conducted along editorial and business lines pursued by *The Examiner* could have attained a large success.

Although Dr. Bright's educational advantages were meager, he set a high value on education, and was actively interested in promoting it. He believed in an educated ministry, and encouraged

every effort on the part of young men contemplating the ministry to secure seminary training. In 1867 he became a member of the board of trustees of the University of Rochester. Five years later he was elected vice-president of the board, and in 1885 was chosen president, which office he held until a year before his death. He was a steadfast supporter of President Martin B. Anderson, and believed that his "mark" on a boy was the best possible passport to higher attainments and useful service. In 1872 he was elected a trustee of Vassar College, serving in that capacity for seventeen years.

Dr. Bright was always partial to young men. He sought their companionship; he turned to them for counsel and advice; he took them into his confidence and cheerfully gave them encouragement and support, personally and through the paper. This kept him young and gave him a hopeful and courageous outlook until the last. He had a deep and special interest in young men contemplating entering the ministry, and was instrumental in numberless cases in giving them a successful start in their life-work. He gave unsparingly of energy and attention to bringing churchless pastors and pastorless churches together. His judgment of men and churches was regarded as well nigh infallible, and pastors knew that a word from him would go a long way toward securing a pulpit. A marked instance of his kindness will never be forgotten. He was present at the coun-

cil called for my ordination. The subject under consideration was "The Inspiration of the Scriptures." The candidate had stated his views, and many questions had been asked, so framed apparently as to show the superior knowledge of the questioner, rather than to get at just what the candidate believed. Dr. Bright rose and impressively said: "Why pursue this questioning any further? We all know what Mr. Calvert's views are. His father is here present; why embarrass him by questioning the son in this way any longer?" The questioning from that moment ceased.

Dr. Bright was pre-eminently a man of the people. He knew their attitude of mind, understood their feelings, and was always their fearless advocate. He had a keen sense of their needs and knew how to strike a responsive cord in their hearts. He was at ease in any circle, but in the years of our intimate association the men of honest toil were those who had the first claim to his thoughtful consideration and his warmest sympathy. He loved

"Good pleasant men, who loved him."

This was one great secret of his power as an editor. Of him it could be said, as of his divine Master: "The common people heard him gladly."

In appearance Dr. Bright was the embodiment of a forcible character, a dominant personality.

His massive head, set firmly on his square, rugged shoulders, suggested the English statesman and Parliamentarian, John Bright. His erect carriage, characteristic to the very last, and his powerful frame, gave the impression that he was a larger man than he actually was. He was a man who would arrest attention anywhere. One could not pass him on the street, or meet him in any gathering without the feeling that he was a man calculated to lead and to command. He was a man of heroic mould, his strong face looking out under a crown of heavy gray hair, made him a fine subject for an artist or sculptor. He belonged to a type rarely seen in any sphere of activity to-day.

In manner he was serious, intense, deliberate and dignified. He had reached a point where he knew success had attended his efforts, yet he seemed always unduly watchful and concerned, rarely able to give himself to the joys and pastimes that give light and color to life. He was always gravely in earnest. He did not know how to "let go." Once having set his hand to the plow he knew nothing about looking back. His serious view of life, and his dogged persistency contributed, however, to the deep and lasting impression he made upon his times.

Extremes seemed to meet in Dr. Bright. Elements of strength and weakness, of self reliance and dependence, of tenderness and severity, were so mixed in him that he was often a puzzle to his

best friends. As often in great men, however, these contradictory qualities did not nullify one another, but united to increase his force and effectiveness. He was an Abolitionist, yet opposed to all radical measures for breaking the chains of oppression and bondage. He was loyal and patriotic, yet in our day he would probably be classed as a "Pacifist." He was denounced as a bigot, yet few men were broader in their sympathies, or more reasonable in their views and practices. He could strike sledge-hammer blows, and yet a child could not be more gentle or more easily moved to tears. Those who knew Dr. Bright intimately through a long term of years, or sustained close personal relationship with him, could say with President Strong: "There was a tender side to Dr. Bright. He was affectionate in his home, and was often moved to tears by words spoken in appreciation of his work." His feelings seemed to get the mastery of him in times of great loss, sorrow or public calamity. When the shocking news of President Lincoln's assassination filled the country with gloom, he shut himself up in his private office and refused to see anyone the entire day, dull groans now and then issuing from his room as if he were overwhelmed with grief.

Dr. Bright was notably domestic in all his tastes and interests. He loved his office, he loved his friends, he loved his church, but he loved his home most of all. And it was in the home and in the

home circle that he was at his best, most at ease, and most free from restraint. He loved little children. He had great pride in his own children. He loved to watch them at their play, and to tell of their pranks and their bright and amusing sayings. In parting with friends, even though they were near his own age, he invariably said: "Now, be good!" instead of "Good-bye," probably from his habit of speaking to his own children in expression of his fatherly interest and love for them when he parted from them to go to his office in the morning. When his son Edward went to Europe, after his graduation from Columbia College, Dr. Bright would have a large map of the continent brought to him each day, and the places pointed out where Edward was to be, and the route by which he would travel to reach his next destination. On the platform of the State Convention, when the self-sacrificing love of the Savior was vividly portrayed, or the story of a refreshing revival in some of the churches was told, his eyes would moisten and his lips quiver with deep and soul-stirring emotion.

Dr. Bright's life spanned almost a century; a century of amazing change and advancement, the most notable of all the centuries. He grew with its growth, and his influence widened as the century developed. The greater portion of the second half of the century was spent before the public, open to their critical gaze, and subject to tempting diverting influences. He stood like a giant

oak against every wind that blew. He had his faults; every man has. He made mistakes; he never claimed perfection. He witnessed events of momentous import, and by his dominant organizing and administrative ability he exerted a compelling influence in directing and shaping the rapid development of the religious, missionary and church activities of one of the great denominations of the country. He did a great and lasting service. No history of the Baptists of America can be written without ascribing a large place to Dr. Bright in its counsels and its progress.

III

GEORGE HOWE BRIGHAM

THE news of the passing into glory of "Elder" Brigham on September 5, 1910, came to me while abroad as a great shock. It was a source of deep regret that my absence in Europe made it impossible to comply with the request made by my dear friend before his last illness, and often repeated, that I should be present and join with others in the last service of affection and esteem. I feel that the appreciation that would have found utterance then should have expression now in print.

The thought that is uppermost in my mind now, and would have been, I am sure, at that time, is not so much the loss that has come to his friends, the church and the community—great as that is —nor that of the unceasing, devoted and blessed service which he rendered through the long years; it is rather that of a righteous man entering into a righteous man's reward.

As my mind has reverted to Mr. Brigham, incidents of the many years that I have known him, the frequent and enjoyable visits that we had to-

gether, and the saintly spirit that characterized his entire life have come vividly before me. I can only think of him as if the very chosen of God had walked among us, as one in whom the spirit of the Lord tabernacled, one who, because of his gentleness and Christliness, was like the disciple whom Jesus loved; for he lived in daily communion and fellowship with his Lord. Like the Prophet of old he walked with God and is not, because God took him. He fought a good fight, he kept the faith, he finished his course and he has received his crown.

George Howe Brigham was born in Eaton, Madison county, New York, eighty-seven years ago. He pursued his college studies at Colgate University, and his theological course at Hamilton Seminary, from which he was graduated in 1853. In that same year he was ordained at Scipio to the work of the Gospel ministry.

The public life of Mr. Brigham naturally divides itself into three periods. The first period extended from 1853 to 1873, and embraced his pastorate at Scipio, 1853 to 1856; Manlius, 1856-1859; Homer, 1859-1866, and Groton, 1869-1873. Then came his larger and wider ministry of twenty years, from 1873 to 1893, when he served as district secretary of the Missionary Union, or, as it is now known, the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, with headquarters at Boston. This was followed by a third period of seventeen years, from 1893 to the end, a period of retire-

ment from official duties and release from overtaxing burdens.

This last period could be called a period of inactivity only as in contrast with the years of greater activity and wider service that preceded it. During this last period he made his home for the most part in Cortland. During the time until his last illness he was daily seen upon the street. He went in and out of the homes; he preached in all the churches; he graced wedding festivals; he ministered tenderly in bereavement; he participated in temperance and political campaigns; he was much sought after as a speaker on all public occasions; and he interested himself in everything that pertained to the social, educational and religious advancement of the city. During all this time he was growing riper, richer and sweeter in spirit until he came to his grave in a full age, as a shock of corn cometh in its season.

Mr. Brigham was eminently a preacher of the Gospel. Like poets preachers are born, not made. By his very constitution he seemed to have been ordained for his holy and exalted calling. He was singularly blessed in disposition and temperament, as well as in birth and training. His broad and deep sympathy, coupled with his rare intellectual furnishings, combined to fit him in a peculiar way for the work of the Gospel ministry. I recall, as many of you do, his quiet and gentle manner, his slow and measured speech, his intense earnestness and soul-enkindling enthusiasm in his pulpit

discourses as he warmed to his subject, and above all the consecrated bearing and almost holy atmosphere that always attended the man.

Mr. Brigham was an orator in the truest sense of the term. He was also possessed of the poetic temperament in large degree. Many in Cortland and elsewhere, no doubt, have in their homes in some treasured place, as I have, verses written by him in honor of anniversary occasions or to give comfort in the hours of sorrow. A keen wit and a fine sense of humor were also among his marked gifts, and often his public utterances, as well as his private conversations, were lightened with flashes which were keenly appreciated by his hearers.

Yet no man felt his unfitness for the high calling of God more than he. When in his young manhood he yielded his heart to Christ, that surrender was not made without a struggle extending through many anxious days and wakeful nights. Well do I recall how he told me with sad regret how much of suffering in body and mind it had cost him and how great was the burden of anxiety that he endured. But when the surrender was made and the victory won, it was for all time. From that hour Christ became the inspiration of his life, the theme of his conversation, the object of his adoration and the end of his endeavor.

But his high place as a preacher was not secured and held to the neglect of his flock. On the contrary, he excelled as a pastor. It was this rare

combination that gave him his great hold on the hearts of his people. Mr. Brigham, in the exercise of his pastoral duties, was in my boyhood a frequent visitor to our home. Among the many incidents which come to my mind, there is one which I recall with great vividness. My people at the time were living on a farm at the north of Homer village. On the afternoon of a blustering winter day Mr. and Mrs. Brigham drove up to the door. Mr. Brigham loved good horses, and he was the owner then of a beautiful dappled bay, of which he was more careful than of himself. After he had gotten out and helped out Mrs. Brigham and had tied the horse to the hitching post, he unfastened his fur muffler and with it wiped the snow from the neck and back of his horse before covering him with the blanket. My mother, who had been watching him from the window by which she was sewing, called me to her and said: "I want you to see how kind Mr. Brigham is to his horse, and I hope you will always remember, from seeing this act, that a 'merciful man is merciful to his beast.' "

Mr. Brigham was master in his high calling. He honored the ministry more than he was honored by being a minister. He believed that man was not self-called into the ministry, nor commissioned by men, but called of God. He believed that his commission had reference to all parts of the field. He had enlisted in God's service and with soldierly spirit went where God

sent him. In the four churches he served—Scipio, Manlius, Homer and Groton—the same principle operated whenever a change was made.

In a conversation with him about the frequent pastoral changes of to-day he told me how providentially he was led to take the pastorate of the church at Homer. He did not feel qualified to take charge of a church and to minister to a people that had been shepherded by such men as Alfred Bennett, Edward Bright and Dr. Harvey, and was unwilling to appear before the church as a candidate. At length Dr. Harvey, his warm personal friend, who was to retire from the Homer pastorate in order to accept a professorship at Hamilton Theological Seminary, arranged an exchange without indicating his purpose to his people or to Mr. Brigham. The earnest sermons of the young stranger so captivated the people that he was unanimously and heartily called to preside over the church that had enjoyed the ministrations of men who were recognized as denominational leaders.

Yet successful as he was in his pastorate, and devoted as he was to the work, he did not allow it to restrain him from entering the door of wider opportunity and usefulness for his church, for his denomination and for his Lord. It was while prosecuting his labors as a faithful minister of Jesus Christ, and while enforcing upon his people in the Homer church the missionary purpose and character of the Gospel and the claims of those in

the lands of darkness and of heathendom, that he was called, as he had been in his pastoral work without any aspiration or self-seeking, to the larger and more important work of district secretaryship of the Missionary Union, our great foreign mission society. He loved the cause of foreign missions, and in the twenty years service which he gave to it he did the best work of his life. In this new and responsible position of urgent and numerous demands he did not abandon preaching, and as he traveled from church to church, and city to city, he found the coveted opportunity of preaching on what to him was the grandest theme of the Gospel—Christian missions —and of imparting to his brethren something of the love that thrilled his own soul and impelled his own life.

There is a remarkable coincidence between his life and the life of "Father Bennett," whom he held in the highest veneration and esteem. Both lived for many years in the country, both served the Homer church in successful pastorates, and both were called from the Homer church to the work of awakening the interest of the churches in foreign missions, as field secretaries of the Missionary Union. They both showed remarkable tact, patience, adaptability after weariness from long traveling, and under the taxing correspondence required to be thoroughly efficient in the service they rendered, which those who have not experienced can never know.

Of the fifty-five years of Mr. Brigham's ministerial life, fifty were spent in Cortland county. From the beginning of his ministry in Homer in 1859 he may be said to have belonged to Homer and to Cortland. While he was pastor in Groton, he was not out of reach of his friends in these two places. He spent so much of his life in Cortland and in Homer, and helped in so real a way to make these places what they are, that his name will always be associated with them. Cortland, rich in the names of noble men and of honored sons, possesses no name that will be more cherished, more exalted in religious annals and more honored, than that of George H. Brigham. Children will be told the story of his life and will learn to love him as we have loved him. Being dead he will yet speak. Christians will continue to emulate his example, and his words will be repeated to coming generations.

For the past seven years, during the greater part of which Mr. Brigham had been very feeble, he was most tenderly cared for by his devoted wife and the faithful nurses who did all that love could do for his comfort. Neighbors, acquaintances, friends in the three churches which he served, and brother pastors in this and other States, showed their interest and affection in kindly offices, thoughtful attention, and tender messages of affection and esteem. To retain the love and esteem of all through these long years, witnesses to the strong hold he had gained on his

friends by his estimable character and unselfish service. Once he rallied and became strong enough to attend the Sunday worship in the church, so precious to him, and with the people he so dearly loved. For many months he suffered great mental anguish amounting almost to hopelessness and despair, which is not unusual in the case of the purest and noblest souls, but which was a source of great pain to his friends, who knew how sure his hope was and how large an entrance would be granted unto him in the home beyond the skies:

"Life's work well done,
Life's race well run,
Life's crown well won—
Now comes rest."

My relations with our dear friend were especially close and intimate through these last years. I was favored in being a boy in his congregation when he was pastor at Homer. To me in my youth he was the embodiment of all wisdom and goodness. He was the first pastor to put his hand on my head and speak tender and encouraging words. I loved him first because my father and mother loved him, and then loved him for his own sake. From pastor he came to sustain the twofold relation to me of an elder brother and a father. He and his dear companion were always among the foremost to welcome me whenever I

returned to Cortland, and he was helpful in counsel and steadfast in friendship.

" 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not, 'Good-night,' but in some brighter clime
Bid me 'Good-morning.' "

IV

DANIEL CLARKE EDDY

"Large is the life that flows for others' sakes,
Expends its best, its noblest effort makes.
Devotion rounds the man and makes him whole;
Love is the measure of the human soul."

MY entrance into the field of religious journalism brought about me many new friends among whom was Rev. Daniel C. Eddy, D.D. He was at that time pastor of the First church, Williamsburg, then known as the Eastern District, Brooklyn, N. Y. He attended quite regularly the sessions of the Ministers' Conference, which met on Mondays at 9 Murray Street, New York, and was a dependable member of the Board of the Home Mission Society, with headquarters in Temple Court. But he was too much occupied with his own church work and denominational affairs in Brooklyn to give any time to gossiping with a little group about brother ministers and their church problems, or to go to some coffee-house for a luncheon with a few congenial spirits. I do not recall ever having seen him at any public function in New York, nor did

he have the habit of dropping into *The Examiner* office occasionally as did some New York and Brooklyn pastors. He was, however, generally recognized as one of the leading Brooklyn pastors, and was ever ready to take an active part in everything that pertained to the betterment, social, civic and religious, of his own city. My acquaintance with him at that time was only casual, scarcely more than would be expressed by a bow of recognition as we met on the street.

Sometime after *The Baptist Weekly* had come into my hands and had been reorganized under the name of *The Christian Inquirer* Dr. Eddy became an occasional contributor. He insisted strenuously on seeing the "proof" of everything he wrote, for his chirography was much after the style of Horace Greeley's and not at all legible to one not familiar with it. When it was inconvenient or too late to send the proof to his house he would come to the office to make the needful corrections. After a time he was engaged as a regular contributor, and then his visits became more frequent, generally once a week, frequently twice or three times. Sometimes he seemed to want to talk. Then he would draw his chair up near to my desk and would tell me about his newspaper or pastoral experiences in Boston or discuss with me questions relating to the work of the denomination, local, national and international. He opened up his heart to me as in turn I did to him. Our

relations became close and intimate. As the weeks went by he became

"To me more dear, congenial to my heart."

I looked forward to his coming and had a keen feeling of disappointment when he failed to appear. In all my circle of friends there was not one, so many years my senior, to whom I was more closely drawn than to Dr. Eddy. He was genial, helpful, fraternal, inspiring, charitable, Christian. He was dominated by the presence and power of the crucified and risen Christ, whom he loved and eloquently preached. Life had little of value to him apart from the service he could render his Master and Lord. He was one of the notable age that "dared much, suffered much and achieved much." He was one of that generation rapidly passing away that now looms so large that

"We are scarce our fathers' shadows, cast at noon."

Dr. Eddy was a puritan of the Puritans. He was born in Salem, Massachusetts, May 21, 1823. His father died when he was a small boy, and he was taken to his grandfather's home, where he grew up amid comfortable surroundings and enjoyed the advantages of early schooling. When turning fifteen he made his first appearance in public in a temperance address and immediately was in demand for addresses before temperance

societies and churches. About this same time he began to preach and was so effective that he was much sought after as a supply and to fill vacant pulpits. He became known in and about Salem by the *sobriquet,* "the boy preacher." At the age of nineteen he was baptized into the fellowship of the Second Baptist church, of Salem. He felt impelled to give himself to the gospel ministry, and after completing his theological studies at New Hampton Theological Institute, New Hampshire, in 1845, he accepted, before the closing of the year, the call of the First church, Lowell, Massachusetts. He entered upon his pastorate January 2, 1846, and was ordained the same month. He continued to serve this church as pastor for ten years, and they were years of notable prosperity and growth. During this period there were added to the membership of the church the large number of 1005, an average of about one hundred a year. Of this number 637 were received by baptism. About the middle of this remarkably successful pastorate, in the year 1850, Dr. Eddy was granted a leave of absence for rest and recuperation of his health greatly overtaxed by excessive strain and incessant labor. This respite from work he spent in travel in Europe. His observations and experiences found embodiment in the book *Europa,* published in 1851.

While Dr. Eddy was pastor at Lowell the "Know Nothings," a secret political party having for its purpose the preventing of the election

or appointment of aliens to office, came into being. When the question was raised as to their movements or intentions the members invariably replied: "I don't know," hence their name. Their slogan was, "Americans must rule America." In the elections for a few years the new party showed surprising strength, but after 1860 it began to wane, and soon ceased to be a political factor. In the year 1854 Dr. Eddy was nominated by this new party as a representative from Lowell to the Massachusetts Legislature and was elected. On his taking his seat and on the organization of the House he was chosen Speaker. He had had little or no experience in presiding over a deliberative assembly, but he conducted the business with so much fairness and despatch that the House gave him a unanimous vote of thanks "for the promptness, ability and urbanity with which he had performed the duties of the presiding officer during the prolonged deliberations of the present session." Dr. Eddy served as Chaplain of the Senate for two sessions.

But a man of Dr. Eddy's ability and versatility was certain to be in demand. From Lowell he was called to Boston in 1856 to the pastorate of the Harvard Street church. His ministry in this great center of culture and commerce was attended with continued spiritual growth and large ingatherings as was his first pastorate. During the six years that he ministered to the Harvard Street church he welcomed 478 new members into

fellowship, a large proportion by baptism. Twice during this pastorate he went abroad, extending his travels the second time through Palestine and Turkey.

Dr. Eddy's power and popularity as a preacher and pulpit orator were not confined, however, to environs most congenial to himself. In November, 1862, he was called to the pastorate of the Tabernacle church, Philadelphia. When the Missionary Union held its jubilee meeting in that city in 1864 Dr. Eddy was chosen to give the address of welcome. Whether the "Quaker City" failed to respond to his fervid appeals or whether he felt "out of his element out of New England," he never said, but after two years he returned to Boston to take charge of the Baldwin Place church, then unfavorably located and considerably reduced in membership. Under his leadership a new location was secured on Warren Avenue, a new edifice was erected, and an almost entirely new congregation was gathered. Great growth and advancement attended Dr. Eddy's labors at Warren Avenue. The church under his ministry assumed a position it has long maintained as one of the most evangelical and aggressive of the Boston churches, a living monument to its noble founder and first pastor.

Dr. Eddy's subsequent pastorates were at Fall River, Massachusetts, again in Boston at Hyde Park, one of the beautiful suburbs of the city, and lastly in Brooklyn, E. D. To this last pastorate

Dr. Eddy gave fifteen years of the mature judgment and ripe experience of a long and blessed ministry. The church, founded in 1839, occupied an influential and honorable place in the "City of Churches." His immediate predecessor was the scholarly and dignified Dr. Daniel Reed. The membership at the time of Dr. Eddy's assuming the pastorate was 543. It was soon manifest that a new edifice in a more accessible location was a necessity. Under his inspiring leadership the enterprise was carried to successful completion. The new and handsome edifice was dedicated April 30, 1885. Some few years later the indebtedness of $40,000 was raised, and the mortgage was burned amid great rejoicing of pastor and people. There were continual accessions to the membership during this pastorate, 188 being added by baptism.

During Dr. Eddy's ministry with the Williamsburg church he was recognized as a dominant figure among the Baptists of Brooklyn. His interest and spirit of helpfulness went out to all the churches of the Association, and he was much in demand for sermons and addresses. He manifested intense missionary zeal in the organization of new churches and in the raising of funds for building new houses of worship. His advice was sought at critical junctures, and confidence and courage were inspired by his leadership. He was one of the founders of the Brooklyn Baptist Church Extension Society and an efficient officer and

leader in its work. He was recognized as a "master of assemblies." For four years he served as moderator of the Long Island Association. The sermon he preached before the Association in 1890 on "The Imperiled Foundations," produced a profound impression. He was chairman of the Committee on Missions of the Board of the Home Mission Society and actively cooperated with the work of the Missionary Union, the Publication Society and other missionary agencies.

In January, 1896, his loyal and devoted people of the Williamsburg church united heartily with their pastor in celebrating the "golden jubilee" of his ministry. The members with pastor and friends from neighboring churches and from New York gathered at a bountiful dinner provided by the women of the church in the large lecture room appropriately decorated for the occasion. The dinner was followed by tender and sincere tributes of appreciation and affection spoken by pastors endeared by long and intimate relationship, the reading of letters and telegrams of congratulation from absent friends, and an hour of social enjoyment. The occasion was one of gladness and rejoicing and brought a measurable sense of cheer and thankfulness to the modest, humble heart of the man of God in whose honor the celebration was held.

Time had dealt so gently with Dr. Eddy that no one thought on this glad occasion that his work

was drawing to a close. Few silver threads showed in his hair, and he was bowed by no infirmity, yet as the spring drew on unmistakable signs of the "burden of years" were more and more manifest in face and walk as well as in lassitude of feeling. He felt that they were only indications of needed change and rest after the strain of years, and he did not allow himself to cherish any apprehension or undue concern. He believed that after a summer's rest he would be equal to his pastoral demands again. With the return of sultry, debilitating days the church he had lovingly and faithfully served saw with greater solicitude than did he the need of prompt and long release from work and voted him a leave of absence of six months, assuming all responsibility for the pulpit and pastoral duties. He went away to the quiet and bracing air of Cottage City, at beautiful Martha's Vineyard, dear to him from long and tender associations and lasting friendships.

For my summer outing I went, as had been my custom for several years, to Upper Saranac Lake in the Adirondacks, and while sojourning there a telegram came to me bearing the sad and surprising news of Dr. Eddy's death on Sunday morning, July 26. He "met his pilot face to face" when the choir at the church were singing "Crossing the Bar." The telegram also brought the invitation to come to Martha's Vineyard to conduct the funeral services. For some reason, still un-

known to me, the message was so long delayed that it was not delivered until after my friend had been borne to his last resting place. This has been to this day a source of regret to me. "He was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith," and all who ever knew him could join in pronouncing over him the words:

Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord.

Dr. Eddy was a many-sided man. First and foremost he was a preacher, and as a preacher he was the peer of any Baptist of his time. Preaching was his chief concern. Everything else he did was subservient to the one great and God-given privilege of preaching the good news of salvation. He was by nature specially qualified for this exalted work. He had a rich, musical voice. He had great freedom and ease on the platform. He had the passion and power of an orator. He possessed that mysterious quality called "magnetism" so absolutely essential to an effective speaker. Above all he was richly endued by the Holy Spirit. He spoke as the Spirit gave him utterance. He measured well up to the Apostle's requirement for "a good minister of Jesus Christ." He heeded the injunction, "Preach the Word, be instant in season out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine." His sermons were full of soul and fire. They were alive with feeling and

breathed out the heart of sympathy and love of his inmost being. By drinking daily at the fountain of truth he kept his theology pure and fresh as the gospel. He found his topics like all great preachers in the needs of the people. His style was simple, fresh, clear, rhetorical. He could not say anything in a dull, uninteresting way. The commonplace events took on new interest as soon as they felt the breath of his spirit and genius of his personality. But he spoke not to men's intellects alone, but to their consciences as well. He held up Christ as the Saviour and Redeemer of all who would put their trust in him,—the life as well as the light of men.

But he was not a preacher alone. He was also a devoted pastor. He was pre-eminently a preacher-pastor. He united in himself in an unusual degree the rare gifts of presenting the gospel so as to command a large hearing with the rarer gift of an inspiriting pastoral care and oversight. He believed a home-going pastor made a church-going people. He knew not only how to feed the sheep but how wisely to shepherd them. His great heart was full of sympathy and he never turned a deaf ear to any who came to him for counsel or relief. Like his Master "he came not to be ministered unto but to minister," and only that day was well spent which was crowded full of Christian service for his people, for his brethren or for mankind.

Dr. Eddy was also a popular and prolific

author. He published a number of books covering a wide range of subjects, and differing very widely in character. One of his first books "*Young Man's Friend,*" published in 1849 had a wide circulation. His books of travel were also widely read and favorably considered. The surprise is that under the pressure of his first pastorate at Lowell, so remarkably blessed by large accessions, he should have been able to publish seven books in five consecutive years—*The Burmese Apostle* (1850); *Europa* (1851); *The Percy Family,* in five volumes (1852); *Angel Whispers* (1853); and *Heroines of the Missionary Enterprise, Daughters of the Cross and City-Side* (1854). In 1861 he published *Walter's Tour in the East,* in six volumes. After his removal to Brooklyn he published (1881) *Rip Van Winkle's Travels in Foreign Lands,* in two volumes, under the *nom de plume,* Rupert Van Wert. When the copyright of *The Percy Family* expired in 1882, the book under a new copyright was published as *Our Traveling Party.* In all his books the religious element predominates. The aim always was to teach some vital truth or to impress some foundation principle of life and character. His last book, the historical novel *Saxonhurst,* emphasizes the importance of building on truth and righteousness if progress and prosperity are to be assured.

But preaching and authorship did not limit Dr. Eddy's endeavor. He found in religious journal-

ism a congenial field for his great activity and energy. Many felt that this was his true sphere and that if he had given his whole strength to it he would have been the peer of any of the great editors of his time. As it was he attained high rank and exerted a wide influence as an editorial writer and contributor. When *The Christian Era* was started in Lowell in June, 1852, to meet the demands for a more pronounced anti-slavery paper, Dr. Eddy gave to it his powerful influence and his ready pen, promoting greatly its circulation and success. He sustained to the paper the two-fold relation of editorial writer and consulting editor. The same year in which Dr. Eddy went to Boston, in 1856, Dr. A. Webster, a warm family friend, purchased the paper and moved it to Boston and became its editor, Dr. Eddy continuing to give it such editorial and advisory support as the growing demands of his city pastorate would permit.

For many years after moving to Brooklyn Dr. Eddy wrote the New York Letter for *The Standard* of Chicago. Dr. Eddy was an inspiring, stimulating and compelling writer for *The Christian Inquirer*. He was also deeply interested in the progress and permanency of the paper. When the proposition of union with *The Examiner* was under consideration he expressed his hope strongly that the paper might continue to occupy the large field it had made for itself and said to me: "If I were ten years younger I would cheer-

fully take part of your burden of conducting the paper." When the union of the two papers seemed, in view of all the circumstances, most advisable in expressing his appreciation of the anxious and laborious effort the paper had demanded, he said: "You may find that the best work of your life has been done through *The Inquirer.*"

Dr. Eddy set a high value upon a religious paper as a means of stimulating religious and missionary growth and endeavor. He believed that the religious weekly was the best assistant that a pastor could have and that churches could maintain little healthy growth unless the members kept themselves informed regarding the religious and missionary activities the world over. But Dr. Eddy was a loyal defender of American institutions and customs, and the religious paper afforded to him the channel for the expression of his intense Americanism. He gloried in New England, the home of the Pilgrims and the Puritans, the land of good manners and steady habits, the home of the school houses, churches and Bible societies, of liberty of conscience and of popular government enthusiastically approved. He loved to speak of the days when the American people threw off the yoke of the mother country and "rose to a great, free, glorious nationality." He was jealous of all that the fathers had so dearly purchased and was ever keenly alive to any influence that might be of a subverting or destroy-

ing nature. On this account he believed in restricting immigration. It was his early conviction that "we are becoming a nation of foreigners so fast that the whole future is full of danger." It was the threatened danger to American institutions that made him such a relentless antagonist to Romanism and the Roman Catholic Church. He believed Romanism was opposed to Americanism, therefore he opposed Romanism. He held liberty of conscience as fundamental, that free schools are an absolute necessity, and that free speech and a free press should be inviolate and church and state forever separate.

The prohibition principles which Dr. Eddy espoused and advocated in his teens controlled him to the end. If to his deep moral convictions there is added his intense Americanism reason is furnished for his stand as ardent prohibitionist. For him "temperate in all things" would not do. The only safety in respect to intoxicating liquors was absolute prohibition. The declaration that prohibition is not practical and does nothing for a town or city, to him, was fallacious. The trouble, he held, is that prohibition is not enforced. It will do nothing for a community, as no other legislation would, if not enforced. Enforce the laws against gambling and theft and you drive those crimes out of society; so enforce prohibition and society would feel the beneficial effect. During his Brooklyn pastorate there was a division of sentiment among the Brooklyn Baptist churches on

the question of using "Excise money" for the benefit of "The Baptist Home." It was arranged that the question should be discussed and decided by vote at a public meeting. Deacon W. J. Richardson, president of the Atlantic Avenue road, took the affirmative and Dr. Eddy the negative, with the result that Dr. Eddy was supported by an almost unanimous vote. Dr. Eddy believed that intemperance was the monster evil of the Republic. No one could estimate what good the extinction of the liquor traffic would do for the nation. If there were moral sentiment sufficient back of a law of that kind it could be enforced and our cities, homes and young men would be a hundred fold the better for it. It is remarkable how suited to to-day are Dr. Eddy's thoughts and arguments. Many of his words might have been written to-day so applicable are they to the conditions of our time. He was almost prophetic in his utterances and had a vision of the day that has since dawned when a great prohibition wave would sweep over the country and exert a dominating influence in factories, on railways and in armies and navies around the world.

Among the outstanding traits that contributed to Dr. Eddy's remarkable symmetry of character was his singular poise. It would seem to violate all reason to think of Dr. Eddy as ever manifesting undue feeling or allowing himself to become at all ruffled or drawn into contention. Never to our knowledge did an unkind or hasty word pass

his lips. He never lent himself to trifling gossip, to talking about himself or to acrimonious feeling. He was always dignified, kindly, courteous and withal calm and serene under great perplexity or provocation. The peace of Christ, himself the Prince of Peace, kept him in perfect peace. He radiated cheer and hope as a diamond radiates sunlight. His presence always brought gladness, courage and resolution into any circle. A neighboring pastor and friend truly said of him: "He was not given to hobbies or to new methods or to sensationalism of any sort. The passing popularity of some new measure, the apparent power of some gifted eccentricity did not move him either to envy or imitation." He moved steadily forward majestically, like a great ocean steamer, undisturbed by the waves of higher criticism, rationalism or liberty of thought that swept about him or the winds of popular favor, non-sectarianism or denominational preferment that blew upon him.

Dr. Eddy had a keen appreciation of the beautiful and was familiar with the most that is best in art, music, poetry and literature. He had great pride in and knew personally many of the brilliant coterie of writers whose names are indissolubly associated with Boston and Concord, nearly all of whom were his contemporaries. He treasured as among his most precious possessions the letters sent to him by men whose names are "household words" among all lovers of fiction, poetry and

philosophy. He was catholic in his tastes and counted among his friends not only literary men but those active in the political, educational and commercial world. He is remembered as always sharing his interest and fellowship with those who were either counted unfortunate or unable to contend against the sterner forces that beat against them. Much time and effort were spent in helping his brethren who coveted his influence and assistance in securing opportunities to supply or a permanent settlement.

Dr. Eddy set great store on the part music should have in the worship in our churches. He believed it should be dignified, uplifting, soulful, worshipful. In reply to the note sent out to ministers in various parts of the country by a New York religious weekly: "What is in your opinion the best hymn in the English language and why do you so regard it?" he said: "Coronation." His reasons are stated in his letter:

"I put at the head of the hymns the old familiar one of Edward Perronet, 'All hail the power of Jesus' name!' which bears date of 1780, for the following reasons:

"1. Its beautiful simplicity and grandeur. Aside from all sentiment it is a literary gem.

"2. It rises above all individual hopes and fears, joys and sorrows. Many beautiful hymns fit only one phase of mind; one state of experience. They are only best and most beautiful to those

in that state of mind or frame of thought. This hymn is as comprehensive as Christianity.

"3. It emphasizes the idea toward which all human thought is tending, all the events of ages marching—the enthronement of Christ as universal King. It will live beyond all others, because it holds, as does no other the supreme idea of all Christendom."

Dr. Eddy compiled a hymn book, giving to it the careful preparation which he bestowed upon everything he did, but as two books for use in Baptist churches were issued about the time his was completed, it was never published.

Dr. Eddy's marriage had a color of romance about it. After one of his early temperance lectures he urged all who were so disposed to come forward and sign the pledge. Among the number who came to the front was a bright-faced girl who arrested his attention. As she was waiting to sign her name he leaned over the desk and asked: "What is your name, little girl?" In a sweet clear voice she replied: "Elizabeth Stone." The memory of that face and voice never left him. Shortly after he had entered upon the pastorate of the church in Lowell, he was united in marriage to Elizabeth Stone, of Salem, his native place. Two sons and two daughters were born to them. One of the sons died at the interesting age of ten and one of the daughters when she was only three. Mrs. Eddy who survived her husband was an earnest and efficient helpmate, a woman of lofty

ideals, exemplified in a beautiful Christian life. She entered into her rest November 16, 1914. Dr. Eddy was greatly attached to his family and his friends. He regarded his home as his castle. In it he found not only a refuge but the loving sympathy, mutual fellowship and unity of interest of the ideal home. He found also the inspiration and courage that gave him in public a power and wisdom his adversaries were not able to gainsay or resist.

Dr. Eddy's last years were enriched by contentment and peace. The evening of his life was like that of a rare summer day. He could look back with rejoicing over a long and blessed ministry, and forward with confidence and full assurance of hope. After fifty years of service as preacher, author, editor, contributor, legislator and counselor, he had the consciousness that there was not a shadow upon his life and that he posessed the love and confidence of his fellow men in every circle in which he had moved. He was ready "to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better."

"Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair
And what may quiet us in a death so noble."

V

WILLIAM ALBURTIS CAULDWELL

IT is a source of regret to me that a previous engagement to preach at the Baptist Home prevented my being here through this entire service, but I am thankful for the privilege of these last few minutes, for I should not wish to be thought false to my own feelings, nor indifferent to the memory of my friend by not appearing here and contributing in some small way to the chaplet you have been weaving this afternoon in appreciation of the services of Mr. Cauldwell as superintendent of the Sunday school and office bearer in this church.

I am asked to speak of Mr. Cauldwell's relation to the church. The story of his life may be briefly told. He was the son of Ebenezer Cauldwell, a man highly esteemed in Baptist circles and recognized as one of the substantial and trusted members of this church. He was born in this city May 21, 1827. When quite young he entered Columbia College but was not able to complete his course because of failing health. His father, believing in the efficacy of sea-air, took him on an

extended voyage which probably not only was the means of adding many years to his life but was in itself a liberal education. Although Mr. Cauldwell was never strong he was able by care to render a varied and valuable service. For many years he was actively identified with the Sabbath Committee, the American Tract Society, the Baptist City Mission Society and the Home Mission Society. He entered peacefully into rest this past week (March 13, 1893), at his home 16 West 54th Street, as one falling asleep.

In speaking of his relation to the church, I scarcely know where to begin or where to end. His life was so woven into the church and the church entered so largely into all his life, that to try to think of one apart from the other would be like trying to separate the fragrance from the flower. All of his Christian life of about twenty-eight years was passed in the fellowship of this church. His conception of the church was that it is the House of God. He believed, as we all do, that God is everywhere; that if we should take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth that we could not escape from His presence, and yet he believed that in a peculiar and special sense the church is God's dwelling place. He accepted as true the teachings of Scripture: "Behold the tabernacles of the Lord are with men and I will dwell among them, and I will be their God and they shall be my people." "The Lord is in his holy temple." "He shall stand

in the great congregation." "Where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst of them." The church, therefore, was sacred to him. It was a holy place, full of the glory of him who dwells in the sanctuary.

So Mr. Cauldwell loved his church. As the church was the earthly abode of his heavenly Father and of Jesus his elder brother, he loved it with steadily increasing love. He believed that the church should appeal to all that is best in us, and he sought to make it bright and beautiful. He would have Christ exalted, the services evangelical, and the people filled with the spirit, making melody in their hearts with psalms and hymns and spiritual songs. In this church which he strove to have meet his ideal, he spent many happy hours in communion and fellowship with God's people. Here he saw Jesus take the little ones in His arms and bless them; here he heard those, whom he had taught, who had found Jesus as their Saviour, tell of their new born love and show their willing obedience by following Him in the baptismal waters; here he gathered with those, who were dearer to him than any outside of his own household, about the table of the Lord to partake with them of the last supper. For this church building he toiled and labored with unceasing labor until the capstone was lifted to its place, just as faithfully and untiringly as he had labored and toiled through many previous years for its spiritual upbuilding until it might almost

be said of him as it was said of his blessed Master that "he gave his life for the church." So great was his love for this building and for all who gathered here from week to week to worship, that I can easily conceive of him when standing in this place, as superintendent, or sitting in his pew in the other room as worshiper, as breathing in silent prayer the words:

"I see Thee not, I hear Thee not
Yet Thou art oft with me;
There is no spot so sweet on earth
As where I meet with Thee."

Cherishing such a love for the church he attended all its services as regularly as his health and strength would allow. Mr. Cauldwell was never a strong man. When we were together with him and his family last spring in Savannah he called in a physician. When the doctor asked him how long he had been ill, he replied, in his peculiar way, "For forty years." And though the doctor looked a little puzzled the reply was the truth. He had always been a frail, delicate man, and if ever anyone would be justified in staying away from the services of the church he would have been. But he never made his poor health an excuse for not filling his place and doing his work in the church and Sunday school. At the time to which I have alluded, when he was hardly able to attend the services of the First church in Savannah, he told me on his way back to the hotel what a

pleasure it had been to hear his old friend Dr. Lathrop again, and how enjoyable to him were the services of the Lord's house even in a strange city.

He was trained to go to church when a boy. I have often heard members of our family tell how his father would walk in to the old Oliver Street church with William by his side Sunday after Sunday. That habit formed in boyhood continued with him during all the years of his membership in Calvary church. He was among the most regular attendants upon the preaching services on Sunday. He was among the most energetic in the Sunday school. He was among the most generous in giving his strength, time and means to every worthy cause. He was so efficient as an officer and trustee that in the board he was spoken of as the "oak" upon whom all could lean in any emergency. He was the prince of Sunday school superintendents. It was given to him to see great changes in the little more than a quarter of a century in which he was connected with this church. In his time the membership increased from 250 to more than 1500; the old church building on Twenty-third Street gave way to business and this stately edifice was erected. He saw all the former pastors and many of the staunch, strong men who had stood in the forefront of Baptist circles, not only in this church, but in this city, pass away.

In the Cathedral of St. Marks, in Venice, cele-

brated for its beauty and brilliant with oriental color, are a number of matchless alabaster columns which are said to have been transported there from the Temple of Solomon. Although as hard as granite, they are composed of such peculiar substance that they appear to the beholder to be translucent. Those columns it seems to me are typical of the men of strength and honored name who were in their day like pillars in this church, but who have been transported and translated one by one from the church militant to the church triumphant, where they shine with increasing splendor in the Temple not made with hands. Bishop, Bayne, Constant and Cauldwell, —what great names! How they shine in the firmament of Baptist church history in this city! How exalted they are in glory!

While we were worshiping together in the other room this morning, I could not help thinking of our dear friend at the same hour worshiping with the heavenly congregation on this his first Sunday in glory. And as I was thinking, I could almost imagine the walls expanding and the congregation extending until it mingled with the larger congregation around the throne and the members here joining with the larger membership over there in the "Song of Moses and the Lamb." There is a note of sadness in our service this afternoon, but there is a sweeter note of joy, for our friend has heard the Saviour say: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom pre-

pared for you from the foundation of the world." He has joined in worship on this beautiful Sunday with the Church of the Redeemed, and with all closely associated with him in the work here who have gone on before, and "so he will be forever with his Lord."

VI

JAMES DUANE SQUIRES

MRS. BROWNING on one occasion, it is reported, asked Charles Kingsley to tell her the secret of his life. His simple reply was: "I had a friend." Sadly different was the experience of Mark Rutherford as related by Dr. Malcolm MacLeod. Rutherford had "a lifelong desire and hope for a friend to whom he could pour out his deepest and his saddest thoughts. With wistful eyes he searched for years for someone who could understand him and to whom he could unlock and unburden his soul. But the friend never appeared and Rutherford became moody and sullen and glum."

In any enumeration that I have ever been able to make of my blessings I have placed first in the list my friends. Among my "host of friends" I have never found one who appealed to me just as Duane did, or one who exerted so indelible an influence upon my life. Our friendship began in our boyhood days in Cortland. Indeed, as little boys we were more like lovers, and were always together. Our homes were on the same street. We

went to school together. We played together. We attended the same church and were in the same Sunday school. I was his senior in years as I was also physically of larger frame. We were unlike in temperament and in other ways,

> "And he supplied my want the more
> As his unlikeness fitted mine."

The strong attachment of boyhood grew through our college days and through the years of our younger manhood into a firm and mutually fraternal friendship that continued steadfast and unbroken to the end.

In the years of our close and intimate association he was a general favorite and was universally esteemed. Notable among the qualities that drew forth admiration and made him the center of affection and interest were his pure and high ideals, his resoluteness of purpose, his enthusiastic interest in people and in human progress, his alertness of mind, his tenacity of grasp, and his heroic spirit in meeting rebuffs—all animated and ennobled by a deeply religious spirit. These gifts, together with his genial, open-hearted and social nature, his ready and sympathetic response, his wise and intelligent counsels, and his ever kind and generous impulses, kindled in me warm and continued admiration. In the language of Holy Scripture I can say my soul was knit to his as "the soul of Jonathan was knit to the soul of

David." "Very pleasant has thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."

In Tennyson's immortal song, "*In Memoriam,*" which broke out of a heart grieving for the loss of a devotedly loved friend so ardently admired and so fondly cherished as almost to be accounted his other self, I find reflected the sacredness and significance of our rare, unselfish friendship and of my eagerness, when oppressed by the great sense of loss, to penetrate the mysteries of death and to know what blessedness is his in the world beyond.

Now, after passing years have borne me along to a new vantage ground, with judgment matured and mellowed and with a wider prospect in which men and events can be viewed in truer proportions and with more impartial mind, I find myself affirming the sentiment of my boyhood, while setting a new and higher value upon friendships that have their springs in childhood and their basis in qualities that are always regarded as sterling among men. As Gladstone in his later years reverted to his boyhood affection for Arthur Hallam, cut down in early manhood, than whom he had found none of greater worth or promise, so among the many delightful relations and recollections that crowd in upon me at this time Duane stands out as in boyhood, definite and distinct, filling in my thoughts his own large and unique place and uniting in himself, in unusual propor-

tions and in rare perfection, qualities that give added luster to his character as the years go by.

Duane was the eldest son of James S. Squires, a leading merchant and banker of Cortland, New York. Born February 8, 1855, he was one of a family of eleven half-brothers and sisters, and a unique place he had in that family. His first boyish ambition was not to do anything that would displease his father or mother, and rarely, if ever, was he reproved for misconduct. He strove with equal interest to show the spirit of brotherly helpfulness and affection to his brothers and sisters. To him, in turn, they all looked in a peculiar way, and his advice was sought in all matters of family concern. He loved his home and delighted in nothing more than in speaking of the manifold beauties of "old Cortland." In college he was known as "the Cortland man," and was more often called "Sammie" than Duane by his intimates, because he had frequently expressed the wish that his middle name had been "Samuel," as was his father's. Vacations always seemed to signify more to him because they were to be spent at home, in Cortland. His home-coming was always a glad and gala occasion. It was to Cortland that he always turned for his Christmas and Easter holidays. It was to Cortland that he took his bride for their first summer outing, which was spent in driving in company with his brother and sister over the rolling hills and among the peaceful valleys. It was to Cortland,

to enjoy its bracing air and his sister's hospitable home, that he journeyed after his first serious illness. And again, at the close, it was to Cortland with the circle of loved ones there that he eagerly looked and to which he was speeding across the plains from California when the summons came.

Probably Duane's most outstanding characteristic was his deeply religious nature. His pure and gentle spirit early marked him for another world than this. When as a lad, early in January, 1868, after a serious illness, I consecrated my life to my Saviour, my first wish was that Duane might share the joy of a like experience. At my entreaty he accompanied me to special meetings then holding in the Methodist church. After an earnest appeal at the close of an awakening sermon he went forward for prayer. On going home he told his mother what he had done and of his desire to be a Christian. When she explained to him that he might find his Saviour by just believing upon him and by trusting his all to him he committed himself unreservedly to Christ and became his loving and obedient child. He began at once to testify of the love of Jesus and of the joy he had in His service. His words often gave evidence of such certainty of faith and maturity of experience as to excite the comment of his pastor and of the older members of the church. His early Christian experience was remarkable for its simple and childlike trust, and gave evidence of his close and intimate fellowship with

his Lord. Jesus was always to him a living, personal being of whom and to whom he spoke as of a loved friend.

In the fall of this same year Dr. Earle, the eminent evangelist, assisted Elder Wilkins, the pastor of the Baptist church in Cortland, in a series of special meetings. They proved a season of peculiar interest to Duane and of great spiritual refreshing to the church. As they drew to a close one beautiful Sunday afternoon he, with fourteen of his companions, was baptized in the river down by the "stone mill" and afterwards received into the fellowship of the church. Meanwhile, because of my father's failing health necessitating a milder climate, my family had moved to New Brunswick, New Jersey. After an absence of a year and a half we moved back to Cortland. During this period Duane's letters never failed to bear some reference to the church activities or to the young people's or other work in which he was especially interested. Church membership to him meant spiritual growth and activity. His subsequent years were marked by earnest devotion and faithfulness to all his church obligations and duties.

In the winter of 1872-73 after graduating with honor from the Normal School, in Cortland, Duane took charge of the school in what was known as the "Gulf District." As a teacher he was unusually successful, arousing in his pupils a love for study and inspiring them to noble en-

deavor. Finishing his teaching in the spring, and anxious to follow my course of the previous year, he reviewed his college requirements at the Collegiate Institute in Rochester, and was duly enrolled in 1873 in the entering class of the University of Rochester at Commencement. Throughout our college life in Rochester we roomed in the same house and sat at the same table. We were members of the same fraternity.

As a student Duane took high rank, and was popular alike with professors and students. During his college course he secured several honors, winning a prize for oratory at the close of his Sophomore year. He was actively identified with the First Baptist church, and served frequently as supply teacher in the Sunday school until elected assistant librarian, filling the position until his graduation.

The fall after my graduation from Rochester found me in New York as a student in Union Theological Seminary, and the following fall, after his graduation, Duane joined me in the city to study law. Through the kindness of Mr. Charles R. Leffingwell, of the Bank of North America, 44 Wall Street, he secured a clerkship in the large office of McDaniel, Lummis & Souther, 8 and 10 Pine Street. At the end of eight weeks Mr. Whitehead, of 59 Wall Street, engaged him as managing clerk in his office, this position promising more rapid advancement. After three months a place opened to him in the

office of Deane & Chamberlain, 120 Broadway, one of the largest and most widely known legal firms in New York. It was with this firm that effort was made to secure him a clerkship when he came to the city and he was promised a place as soon as a vacancy occurred.

In January, 1878, his college classmate and friend, Edmund Lyon, of Rochester, came to New York to study law, entering, strangely enough as had Duane, the office of McDaniel, Lummis & Souther. In the fall of the same year he enrolled himself as a student in the Columbia Law School and went to room with Duane at 77 West Eleventh Street. As Duane had overtaxed his eyes by close application and study, making it impossible to use them steadily at night, Edmund read law to him evenings and mornings and "quizzed" him at odd hours in their daily walks about the city. In May, 1881, they were both admitted to the bar, and shortly afterwards Duane was received as a junior member into the firm of Deane & Chamberlain. His advance had been rapid, and with his widening influence came positions of honor and trust not only in his professional life, but in the church and in the denomination. Few young men gain as large a place and few have brighter prospects than had he at the time of his entering into this new legal relationship. In the financial crisis of 1884 the firm of Deane & Chamberlain was dissolved, and Duane, with two other junior members, organized the firm of Thornall, Squires

& Constant, which enjoyed growing prosperity. On the withdrawal of Mr. Constant some years later the firm was changed to Thornall, Squires & Pierce.

On his coming to New York Duane identified himself with the Calvary Baptist church, Dr. Robert Stuart MacArthur, pastor. Mr. William A. Cauldwell was then the superintendent of the large and well organized Sunday school. He had no superior and few equals as a superintendent. During his fourteen years of service Mr. Cauldwell had gathered about him a choice band of teachers, who held him in warm affection, as did all the officers and scholars. Because of failing health he was obliged to resign in December, 1881, and Duane, who had served as assistant superintendent for one year, was chosen as his successor. When he was elected to this responsible trust he was only twenty-six years of age. But he had already given evidence of his ability as a leader and organizer. He was in every way singularly qualified for his new and important task. His constant aim was to co-operate with his pastor and all associated with him in their endeavor not only to sustain but to advance the interests of the school. On New Year's Day he called upon every teacher, by no means a small task, as there were sixty-five teachers then active in the work. He gave himself from the outset without reserve to the Sunday school. He studied its needs and made himself familiar with all the

best methods of deepening the interest and making it fruitful in every good work. The ideal Sunday school to him was "the church at study," and by establishing normal and adult classes for Bible study he sought to bring the Calvary school up to this high ideal. He visited other prosperous schools and prepared and introduced an order of service which greatly promoted reverence and spirituality. He was deeply solicitous about the school at the time of the removal of the church from Twenty-third street to the new and attractive edifice on Fifty-seventh street, but instead of a falling off in numbers or a diminution of interest, as had been feared, there was notable advance in all departments. In the new and well appointed chapel the school, under his supervision, grew to have the largest enrollment in its history.

But numerous and insistent as the demands were upon him as superintendent his Sunday school interest was not confined to the Calvary school. The Memorial Baptist church in Cortland is the outgrowth of a Sunday school which had its inception and inspiration largely from his letters and visits to his former home. At his earnest suggestion cottage prayer-meetings were first held in a new and rapidly growing section of the city, then a canvass was made for a Sunday school, resulting in the attendance of 115 the first Sunday. From the first the blessing of God rested on the new enterprise. The work had a

steady, healthy growth, requiring the building of a commodious chapel a year and a half later, at an outlay of $2500. This attractive chapel was erected upon a lot formerly owned by Duane, situated at the corner of Duane and Tompkins Streets. He had great joy in all the early development of the work but was not permitted to see the school housed in the new building. At the dedication it was my privilege to have a share in the exercises and to make the announcement that the $1000 which Duane had left to me by his will should be appropriated to the cost of the chapel, in harmony with his subsequent request that so much of the amount as in my judgment seemed best should be devoted to the chapel. In appreciation of his deep interest and helpful encouragement to the very last the friends in great spontaneity and affection largely consecrated the chapel as a memorial to him. The large handsome Gothic window in the front is a memorial gift toward which all contributed and bears this inscription:

In Memory of
JAMES DUANE SQUIRES
Born, Feb. 8, 1855 Baptized, Nov. 14, 1868
Died, Sept. 12, 1893
CHRIST HIS LIFE

In 1896 the Memorial church was organized from this devoted company of Sunday school workers and has since been rendering a valuable

and aggressive service in this growing section of the city.

During the period, while the Calvary school was making large demands upon his thought, strength and sympathy, never grudgingly given, for he loved the school as he loved his life, he gave much energy and time to denominational movements in and out of the city, in the progress of which he had a keen interest. He was one of the managers of the Baptist City Mission Society and was actively identified with the work of the State Missionary Convention. He served as treasurer of the Baptist Social Union and as secretary of the New York Alumni Association of the University of Rochester. He was also a member of the University Club of the city.

Intellectually, Duane possessed rare versatility, keen perception, and unusual rapidity of decision. He loved fun and pleasure, but he loved books, pictures and music more. He was ambitious as a student, not only to excel in his studies, but to store his mind with the best things. He was refined, almost fastidious in taste. Inartistic decoration or arrangement as well as want of harmony in color caused him positive distress. He reveled in the best in literature and found great delight in the famous statuary and celebrated paintings to be seen in the great galleries of Europe. He had a peculiar fondness for etchings and had gathered quite a collection of some of the best things of the old and new schools. He had also

begun a collection of autographs and of letters of authors and of the world's great leaders, to the examination of which he had given considerable attention and study. Music had a singular charm for him, almost an enrapturing influence. As the cords respond to the most delicate touch so readily would his emotions respond to sad or joyous strains. This susceptibility gives some indication of his sensitive and impressionable nature. In one environment every spring of his being was full of joy and exhilaration, and in another there would be only feeble or indifferent response. He shrank from contact with those who indulged in passion, heated controversy and harsh or vulgar speech.

United in him was a singular mixture of the sentimental and poetical with the practical. There was also a large element of the mystical in his nature. He loved in certain moods to stroll away alone over the hills and into the woods where he might commune undisturbed with his imagination or dwell for a time in a realm peopled with gentle and congenial spirits. There seemed to come to him moments of ecstasy or rapture when his spiritual apprehension was very keen and when his sense of the Infinite Presence was very real and near. In the broad expanse of ocean, in the towering mountains, and in all the wonders of nature, he found an exaltation and a manifestation of power that filled his soul with adoration and worship. Books like Augustine's "Confessions,"

à Kempis' "Imitation of Christ," and Phelps's "Still Hour" were his daily companions and in them in times of depression or sorrow he found great consolation and spiritual refreshment.

Physically Duane was sinewy, quick of motion, full of energy and nerve, but never robust. With the exception, however, of a severe illness from pneumonia, when he was only seven, he was almost never sick. He was full of vivacity of spirit, yet he knew his limitations and paid particular attention to the care of his body. He loved all kinds of games and athletic contests, and generally excelled in his sports as in everything he undertook. As a runner he was very fleet, few being able to outstrip him in a fifty-yard dash. His fondness for travel amounted almost to a passion. To be going was the very acme of living. For one in his early prime he had traveled extensively, thereby adding much to his enjoyment as well as to his knowledge of customs and peoples. He visited Europe three times, journeying not only to the points usually visited, but through Norway and Sweden, to the North Cape and through Russia, to Moscow. In his own country he traversed the vast stretches from Nova Scotia to Alaska, and from Florida to California. While abroad he gratified his taste for art and architecture by gathering a collection of photographs, etchings and curios. He contributed letters of travel to *The Christian Inquirer, The Examiner* and *The Christian Union* which attracted wide attention

and gave him high rank among the best newspaper correspondents.

Duane had an engaging manner. His energy and versatility, his passion for activity, his complete self-mastery, his extremely courteous and gentlemanly bearing combined to make him a winsome and unique personality. He was gifted as a conversationist, was graceful and fluent as a writer, and was a forceful and magnetic speaker.

> "He was a gentleman from sole to crown
> Clean favored and imperially alive
> And he was always quietly arrayed
> And he was human when he talked.
> But still he fluttered pulses when he said:
> Good morning! And glittered when he walked."

He was very fond of children and always enjoyed their pranks and sayings. Nothing gave him greater pleasure than to be able to minister to their happiness or to have a share in their "good times." He was always very attentive, thoughtful and considerate, especially of those feeble in strength and burdened with years as he was of those who found life full of toil and hardship. Nothing enlisted him quite so fully as the endeavor to make the way smoother and the burden lighter for the weary and the oppressed.

When success was crowning his efforts and bright prospects were opening before him he was joined in marriage to Miss Alice Stewart MacIntosh, on February 3, 1887. He had known her

as a member of the Calvary church and a faithful and beloved teacher in the Sunday school. Refined, cultured, beautiful, she was much admired and loved by their large circle of friends. Their happy married life was scarcely more than begun when it was sadly terminated by her sudden death on the fourth of the following December. This crushing blow called forth a remarkable expression of tender sympathy for the stricken husband and brought close about him the comforting presence and help of many true and tried friends. Through it all he bore himself with a heroism that was only born of a trustful and loyal faith, as

"One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,
Wrong would triumph.
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to Wake."

True and brave and soldierlike as he was he never afterward was the same. He sought relief in change, in travel and in the companionship of his friends, but nothing could completely dispel the cloud of sorrow that hung over his heart and home. In the summer of 1891 he formed one of our family party in our journey to the Yellowstone, to the Pacific Coast and northward to Alaska itself. New scenes, new interests, the pleasure of traveling seemed to revive his old-time

enthusiasm. He was so full of brightness and cheer that we had the feeling that nothing we could have done for him would have given him quite so much pleasure as this trans-continental trip.

On his return to New York, when overtaxed with work and many cares, he took a severe cold that developed into pneumonia. He made a brave fight and overcame the dread enemy, but his illness left his lungs weak and his strength depleted. To hasten his recovery he sought the balmy air of Lakewood and later of Florida. He spent the summer in the Adirondacks and the winter following in the genial sunshine of California. Not finding the benefit he had anticipated in the mountain retreat above Pasadena he started homeward early in September in company with his brother, Vernon, who had been his close companion and comforter during the summer, as he had been in the previous summer in the Adirondacks. While on their homeward journey, midway between Kansas City and Chicago, September 12, 1893, Duane was overcome by extreme weakness. Suddenly his strength failed altogether, when the spirit made its escape and on triumphal wings mounted heavenward to God.

In the hour when the eager anticipation of soon greeting him again was about to be realized it was hard to believe that the wires had brought a true message. It was hard to think that one who had been so full of life and cheer and boundless energy

had passed out of sight forever. As I tried in thought to follow his spirit in its flight upward through the skies, another message seemed to come back to me: "I have only gone on before, I will await your coming."

"So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be,
How know I what had need of thee,
For thou wert strong as thou wert true?

"The fame is quench'd that I foresaw,
The head hath miss'd an earthly wreath:
I curse not nature, no, nor death;
For nothing is that errs from law.

* * * * * *

"So here shall silence guard thy fame;
But somewhere, out of human view,
Whate'er thy hands are set to do
Is wrought with tumult of acclaim."

VII

HENRY WHITMER BARNES

IT is in response to the cherished wish of my honored and esteemed friend that I am here to-day to share in this service. In attempting to speak of my long-time associate in "the care of all the churches," I feel that I do not speak for myself alone, but for the pastors and churches, missionaries and missionary societies, home circles and friends in every part of this wide State, whose thought will turn sympathetically to this place, when they hear of this service, and who will share in the deep sense of loss that comes so closely home to this community, to this noble church and to this stricken family.

My personal acquaintance with Henry W. Barnes goes back to the time when he was pastor at Ogdensburg, New York. He was then widely recognized as one of the solid, substantial pastors of the State. He was soldierlike in form and bearing, as I found him afterward to be in courage and spirit. A few years later he was appointed district missionary of the new central district. On my resignation as secretary of the New York

State Convention in October, 1886, Dr. Barnes was chosen as my successor, while the Convention advanced me to the presidency. From that time we were brought into close and intimate relationship, and the more intimately I knew him the more I learned to appreciate his character, to treasure his friendship, and to esteem his Christian manhood.

Dr. Barnes came of sturdy stock. He was born of noble parentage. His father was Horace Barnes, the eldest son of Joel Barnes, who migrated from New England in the last decade of the eighteenth century to the almost unbroken wilderness region of northern Pennsylvania, settling at Orwell, Bradford county. His mother was Polly C. Woodruff, a woman of rare sagacity, indomitable energy and great neighborly helpfulness. The middle one of three children, Dr. Barnes was born August 5, 1832. An elder sister died more than fifty years ago, and a younger brother, Reed A. Barnes, now resides at Owego. His paternal grandmother was Ruth Grant, a descendant of Priscilla and Matthew Grant, from whom also was descended Ulysses S. Grant. On his father's side Dr. Barnes, therefore, was a descendant of the Grant family in the same generation as President Grant.

With no great stretch of imagination we can easily picture that primitive home in the slightly broken wilderness, and the privations and hardships of this little pioneer family in procuring a

living and furnishing means for the education of the children in a community of strict economy and meager advantages. Henry was early put to hard tasks, and as a lad he often had to do a man's work. But the clearing away of the forest, the felling of trees, the cultivating of the virgin fields resulted in the upbuilding of rugged manhood, heroic courage and masterful energy and self-control.

The story of Dr. Barnes's conversion forms one of the most stirring yet pathetic chapters in his varied and active life. Because of the un-Christian and un-Scriptural sentiment prevailing widely among our churches fifty years ago that children were too young to give serious attention to religion or to be received into the fellowship of a church, for more than ten years he was left to grope his way in the dark, his boyish heart at times filled with doubts and fears, and at other times almost crushed with the overwhelming sense of loneliness and helplessness because of the apparent indifference of those who loved him most. His father and mother were strict about his education and his religious training. As a boy he attended the Presbyterian Sunday school, and committed to memory the catechism and many passages of Scripture. His thoughts were first seriously turned to religion when as a lad he visited his grandfather, Joel Barnes, who was a deacon in the Baptist church at Rome, six miles over a rough and hilly road from his home. Again

in his eighth year he was impressed by the death of a little playmate, and again by seeing others confess Christ. He would have gladly given his heart to Jesus at any time during his boyhood if anyone had spoken kindly to him and encouraged him to follow the Spirit's leadings. Some years later he was profoundly stirred when he found that his father and mother were attending "special meetings," and subsequently by their baptism and reception into the church. He then determined to make it his first duty to settle the question of his salvation. While walking one morning in the orchard adjoining the Le Raysville Academy, where he was a student, and communing with himself, he determined in spite of all his doubts and fears to cast himself completely upon God's mercy. Suddenly there came an experience of great rapture—a light as from heaven shone about him, and supreme joy filled his soul. From that hour "he knew whom he had believed." He spoke of his new-found joy to his cousin, William Barnes, with whom he roomed in the Academy, and together they instituted meetings among the students, and had the joy of leading six into the light. Two years later, in the summer of 1852, he was baptized and received into the fellowship of the church at Rome, of which his father and mother had previously become members.

Despite this almost Pauline experience Dr. Barnes told me when recounting the painful struggles of those anxious years that mature re-

flection and settled judgment had convinced him that the regenerating work of the Holy Spirit in his heart took place on that early childhood Sunday when his little playmate was laid away in the silent grave.

When Dr. Barnes left the Academy he took up teaching, but he cherished the secret hope of some time entering the ministry. Toward the close of his fifth year as a teacher the pastor at East Waverly invited him to supply his pulpit. The result was that Dr. Barnes returned home with the intention of beginning special study to qualify him to enter a theological seminary. While studying at home he also served as principal of the school in Warren Center. This was in 1856. Before the year closed he supplied the pulpit of the Warren Center church for a Sunday. As a result the church engaged him to fill the pulpit until they were able to secure a pastor. In February, 1857, he was ordained as pastor of the Warren Center church. There he remained for six years, declaring the Word with great faithfulness and training and establishing the people in truth and righteousness.

In October of the same year he was married to Frances M. Camp, of Owego, New York, a woman of decided character, of unquestioned sincerity, of generous impulses, and of warm attachments. On their wedding journey they attended the annual meeting of the New York State Missionary Convention, which met that year in Utica, N. Y.

Converted during special meetings conducted by Jacob Knapp, she was baptized into the fellowship of the Warren Center church by her husband. While at Warren Center two children blessed the home, a little boy James, who was taken away at the attractive age of eighteen months, and the little daughter Anna, who has been graciously spared to be an unspeakable comfort to her father. Shortly after Dr. Barnes had become pastor of the church at Marathon, New York, a crushing bereavement came to him and his wife in the death of their second little boy when nearly six months old. At the time of the death of their little son James Mrs. Barnes had a long and severe illness. Under the strain of this second sorrow she suffered a complete nervous breakdown, seriously unbalancing her mind. She never thereafter was really strong. She entered peacefully into rest on April 20, 1906.

The public ministry of Dr. Barnes covered a period of thirty years, embracing pastorates at Warren Center, at Killawog and Marathon, at Niagara Falls, at Ogdensburg and at Spencer. Probably his most notable service was with the church at Ogdensburg, where his name is cherished as a fragrant memory. Under his leadership the church edifice was practically twice rebuilt, first because of longfelt and greatly needed improvements at an outlay of $20,000, and second after a fire which left the walls standing and the floor and basement intact. Among the many

whom he baptized and welcomed into the fellowship of the Ogdensburg church was Dr. Wallace Buttrick, now secretary of the General Education Board, who always held his spiritual father in warm affection and esteem. At Niagara Falls Dr. Barnes succeeded Henry L. Morehouse, then a student supply while in the Rochester Theological Seminary. Here he did a large upbuilding work, putting the church on a firm financial foundation. During his ministry at Spencer 125 persons were added to the membership, among them being Rev S. S. Vose, pastor of the Tabernacle church, Ithaca, N. Y., and Rev. Ira W. Bingham, now of Portage, Wisconsin.

But eminent as were Dr. Barnes's services in the ministry, probably the crowning work of his life was done in the twenty-one years of his secretaryship of the New York State Missionary Convention. Under his leadership the Church Building Department was organized, whereby many new churches were generously aided and burdensome debts were paid. The meetings of the Young People's Union and of the women's missionary societies were given a place in conjunction with those of the State gatherings, largely increasing their interest and efficiency. The contributions for the work were increased a hundredfold, and the number of missionaries were largely increased year by year. Dr. Barnes instituted associational conferences, for the conduct of which he had special aptitude, and which were regarded by

pastors and churches perplexed by local problems as occasions of peculiar interest and profit. He did a large service in bringing pastorless churches and churchless pastors together. He self-sacrificingly gave himself body, soul and spirit to the pastors and churches, thereby greatly widening and strengthening the work and endearing himself to all church and missionary circles.

In addition to his manifold duties as secretary, Dr. Barnes contributed with more or less regularity to *The Examiner, The Watchman and The Standard.* His articles were always of a nature to awaken thought and to elicit attention. He also was in demand as a speaker at our national and other religious gatherings. In recognition of his large and significant services the University of Rochester conferred upon him in 1903 the degree of doctor of divinity.

When Dr. Barnes resigned his duties as secretary in 1907 he was made associate secretary to Rev. C. A. McAlpine, in which capacity he served for three years. Failing strength compelled him at the ripe age of seventy-eight years to relinquish that position. After that time, choosing rather to wear out than to rust out, he carried on a helpful correspondence with churches and pastors, and frequently supplied vacant pulpits in and about Binghamton.

Dr. Barnes was a man of marked personality, a personality all his own. He would be singled out in any group of men as possessing notable

qualities of leadership. Probably his most outstanding characteristic was his solidity of character. Notable also were his alertness of mind, his Christian fortitude, his broad sympathy, his laudable ambition and his steadfast loyalty to all that was best in religion and in life. The impression he made upon everyone was of manifest sincerity and genuineness, of singular self-poise and of exalted and steadfast purpose. The thought that was always uppermost and that dominated his conduct and his speech was the settled determination to do the will of his Master and to render the largest service possible to his fellow men.

Moreover Dr. Barnes was pre-eminently a man of prayer. He was given much to prayer, to meditation and to the study of God's Word. He set apart an hour for prayer in the middle of each day which he religiously observed for God's blessing and guidance to rest upon every effort of the Convention and every form of Christian endeavor. He read widely and thoughtfully and assimilated what he read. He had a well thought out system of theology, and took delight in studying the purposes of God as manifested in his providence and in the history of nations and of men.

Without qualification I may say Dr. Barnes was one of the noblest men I have ever met. I saw him in almost every variety of relation and position in life. I saw him at home and away from home, at work and when work was done, in his

study and in his garden, in the hour of sore trial and in seasons of gladness and rejoicing, in the presence of large assemblies and in conference with a friend or a group of friends. He was often in my home, and frequently I was a guest in his. We exchanged letters for more than a quarter of a century. He was always the same true, steadfast, unperturbed, unshaken friend because his faith reached into the great beyond and took hold of the eternal verities. Among my pleasantest recollections are the hours we spent together talking over the great questions vital to this life and the life to come. "He was a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith."

Truly Dr. Barnes was one of God's noblemen. He was cast in a large mould. Had he acquired in youth the thorough training he so eagerly coveted he might have presided over one of our great institutions of learning, for he was a born teacher, or he might have occupied an eminent place in the counsels of the nation. Dr. Barnes was one of that sturdy pioneer stock that has almost passed away. He was one of those rare men of whom Pope sang:

> "Of Soul sincere,
> In action faithful and in honor clear,
> Who broke no promise, served no private end,
> Who gained no title, and who lost no friend."

My good friend has come to his end at a full age, "like a shock of corn cometh in its season."

He passed away at his home in this city on September 29, 1914. His fourscore and two years were filled to the full with loving, self-sacrificing service for his fellow men. A cherished desire to live to a great age that he might have the satisfaction of looking back over a long period of time and noting the changes wrought in the religious, political and industrial world was graciously granted to him. And how marvelous these changes have been in the past eighty-two years and how sympathetically he entered into their progressive spirit!

The churches of this Empire State, the noble brotherhood of pastors, this church and a large circle of friends have sustained a great loss. We shall not look upon his kindly, finely chiseled face again. We shall not be heartened again by his reassuring words or gladdened by the friendly grasp of his hand. But while our good brother has finished his earthly course his work and the noble impress of his character abide. He will continue to live in all the lives that have felt the influence of his godly personality, in the churches that he so faithfully and conscientiously served, and in the strong and wide reaching service that he rendered to the small and dependent churches throughout the Empire State. He will have the immortality that is vouchsafed to the good and great in this life. He will continue to live in glory. Freed from the bondage and burden of the mortal body, the soul will unfold and develop

and increase with the increased knowledge of God.

"When the good and true depart,
What is it more than this?
That man who is from God sent forth
Doth yet again to God return?
Such ebb and flow must ever be,
Then wherefore should we mourn?"

VIII

CHARLES WESLEY BROOKS

IN response to the "long cherished wish" of our dear friend, and prompted as well by love and esteem for him, I have come, as a friend with other friends, to pay a brief tribute to the noble man who has gone home, and to express my sincere sympathy for those who are bereaved.

Returning from a visit to New England I found a premonitory letter from the son awaiting me, telling of his father's serious illness, of the periods of sinking and rallying, of encouragement followed by loss of hope. This message came as a shock to me for in a letter received before my going away in August our friend had given no intimation of any material change in health. Then shortly after the son's letter came the word that the end had come peacefully, and inviting me to be present to-day.

As I journeyed here by train yesterday my thoughts were occupied all day with our dear brother. As I reviewed the more than thirty years of our friendship and fellowship in the

service of State mission work many incidents of a personal and tender nature came vividly before me. Our frequent meetings since the first introduction in Binghamton in 1878; our continued correspondence, often daily and as a rule semi-weekly or weekly; our deliberations regarding the general interests of our State Convention, or of some particular church or pastor, resting then as a special burden upon his mind and heart; or the needs of Cook Academy and the progress of the endowment movement—all of these were recalled and lived over again. His hearty and cheering words, his cordial handshake, his warm and sympathetic personality, his high purpose, his enthusiastic spirit, his extreme care and cautious regard for the feelings of others, and his eagerness always to do Christ's will—all these things passed vividly before me as in the days of frequent fellowship and friendly intercourse. It seemed impossible to realize that he had gone from us forever. It rather seemed to me that I must be traveling to meet him, that he would welcome me as I stepped off the train, and in his cordial and hospitable manner conduct me to his home where the best he had was provided for me, while we conferred together upon State Convention or Cook Academy matters.

The story of Mr. Brooks's life is brief and simple, like that of the majority of men in the ministry, spending itself that others may live a larger and richer life. It can all be told in a few words.

Born in Solon, New York, in 1836; baptized at East Pharsalia in 1852; ordained at Triangle in 1862; pastor at Killawog, Triangle, and East Cameron and Woodhull, 1862-1869; district missionary of the Baptist Missionary Convention of the State of New York, 1869-1910.

That is all, and yet it is not all. That is only the faint outline sketch, the crayon drawing. The colors must be filled in, the light and shadows must be distributed in right proportions if the picture is to glow and live and be in any real sense a true likeness of the original.

In his early Christian home and in the noble character of his father and mother we find the groundwork of Mr. Brooks's earnest Christian manhood and the inspiration for his active evangelical endeavor. His father and mother, Samuel and Dorothy Leonard Brooks, were faithful and devoted members of the Baptist church in Solon, of which the father served as deacon for many years. They were Christians of the old type. They loved God's Word; they maintained family worship; they regarded the Sabbath and kept it holy. We are not surprised that the son was named Charles Wesley, an outstanding name in religious history, that he sought and found Christ as his Saviour at the age of fourteen, or that he had it borne in upon him soon afterward that he should give himself to the Gospel ministry. His baptism subsequently, in August, 1852, in the small mission church at East Pharsalia, by

the missionary pastor, Rev. Lewis Lawton, had a deeper and more determining influence upon the special form of service he was to render than he or any of his friends could foresee.

Mr. Brooks's inflexibility of purpose, which was one of the basal traits of his character, was manifested in his eager efforts to secure an education. He began the study of Latin, Greek and Algebra without a teacher, at odd times while working on a farm. After attaining the age of eighteen he was able by hard work in summer and by teaching in winter to get a few months each year in the high school and at Norwich Academy, until he completed his last term four years later. Finding it impossible to realize his hope of going to college he considered the question of entering at once upon the work of the ministry, and was licensed to preach on July 10, 1859. His ordination took place three years later in confirmation of his having given good proof of his ministry.

After ten years of pastoral work, in which he served three churches, he was, as he believed, divinely called to the responsible duties of district missionary of the State Missionary Convention, and was duly commissioned on March 2, 1869. In order that he might be located at a central point of his field he moved to Watkins, and in connection with his new duties assumed the pastoral care of this church, which was then in a weak and disheartened condition. Five years later, when the church had become self-supporting, he resigned

the pastorate in order to devote his whole time and energies to the State Convention—a work in which he firmly believed and to whose support he gave himself unreservedly, soul and mind and strength until October, 1910. He laid it down then only because he felt that he must seek release from his burdensome cares and secure the rest and freedom from responsibility to which his long years of faithful and fruitful service entitled him.

Mr. Brooks's active ministerial life embraced more than half a century, in the most important period of all the centuries in the world's development. It was a century specially notable in Baptist annals for the rise and remarkable growth of our great educational, church and missionary interests. In the last fifty years a man's life counted more for the service of God and his fellowmen than in any similar period since Christ came.

What a privilege to have lived in this time, and what a glorious record is his! Fifty years of preaching the Gospel of the blessed Lord! Fifty years of winning souls to Christ and of teaching and training them in the way of life! Fifty years of founding churches and Sunday schools, of counseling and advising pastors and aiding in their settlement, of conducting and assisting in evangelistic meetings, of gathering scattered members and of uniting and inspiring divided and discouraged churches! Fifty years of presenting the Convention work at the associations, of visit-

ing churches and prayer meetings! Fifty years of traveling over the State, of being away from home, of weariness, loneliness and utter discomfort! Yet fifty years of making the life count for the most in the home, of helping boys and girls to make something of themselves, of visiting the sick, of comforting the sorrowing, of following dear friends to their last resting place! Who can sum up what it has all cost of self-sacrifice, nervous strain, heartache and wear and tear on body, mind and strength!

We give great honor, and rightly too, to a pastor who has served one church for forty or fifty years. A pastorate of that length is a rare thing in our Baptist history. We do right to make much of it, to give large space to it in our denominational papers, and to honor with tributes and gifts the man who has given his life to one people. But after ten years in the pastorate our friend was for more than forty years district missionary of the Missionary Convention of this great Empire State. Like the great Apostle he had "the care of all the churches." He was pastor of pastors. He was overseer; bishop of a large diocese. Like Paul, too, he was "in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." Only eternity will reveal what fifty years of such faithful and devoted services as Mr. Brooks rendered can mean to humanity, to the Baptists in this State and to God.

At the annual meeting of the State Convention held in Rochester in 1894, the annual report of the board, submitted by the secretary, Rev. Dr. H. W. Barnes, contained a summary of Mr. Brooks's labors as district missionary for twenty years. This summary showed that Mr. Brooks was the only district missionary up to that time whose services covered all that period. On entering upon his missionary duties Mr. Brooks's first work was to hold evangelistic services in Rochester, with what was then the Lake avenue mission. There were but two organized English-speaking Baptist churches in the city at that time with a membership of 1279. Rochester has now ten English-speaking Baptist churches with a total membership of 4464. Dr. Barnes further reported: "During the early years of his work Mr. Brooks was corresponding secretary for his district, and during some of the time acting corresponding secretary and general manager for the whole State. He was evangelist and general caretaker on his field. No man ever rendered more devoted, earnest, prayerful or valuable service in such a position than he, and he endeared himself to thousands in his work. He assisted or presided at the organization of the churches at Moravia, Canisteo, Addison, Genoa, and Bloods in New York; and Coudersport, Roulette, Oswayo, Sabinsville and Sayre in Pennsylvania, which afterward became connected with Pennsylvania Associations. He was measurably instrumental in the

restoration of the Wolcott and Lyons churches, and apparently under the blessing of God saved many others from dying. For the first twenty years of his connection with the Convention he served at 672 stations, preached 4805 sermons, attended 5650 prayer meetings, made 7042 religious visits, and baptized 762 converts."

The "Appreciation" adopted by the Missionary Convention at its meeting at Schenectady last October, is so discriminating and comprehensive, and altogether just and true, that it deserves a place in any tribute to his life. The appreciation reads as follows:

> In the retirement from the district missionaryship of Rev. Charles Wesley Brooks we lost from our active force one of our best known and most valued workers. Receiving his appointment in 1869, his service covers a period of over forty years. In all that time he has lived among us a life of singular grace and beauty. He has been modest and self-sacrificing in spirit and equally quiet, painstaking and faithful in his method of work. His purity of character has commanded the admiration, and his gentleness of spirit has enlisted the affection of all. In addition to his faithful service as a missionary he has been the historian of the Convention, and has thus multiplied our obligations to him. The Convention desires to express the profound gratitude that God has spared to it for so long a time this good man—as eminent in character as he has been in service.

In the year 1894 Mr. Brooks was laid aside by a severe attack of the grip. While he was recuperating at Clifton Springs I stopped to see him on my way to the State Convention meetings

in Rochester, in October. To cheer him and to arouse him from his depression, which was very marked, my suggestion to him was that he take upon himself the task of revising and amplifying the series of articles he had written for *The Inquirer* on "Baptist Beginnings," and publish them in book form, a much needed work, as there was no adequate history of the Baptists of New York State. This idea seemed to give him a new hold on life. He threw himself into his new undertaking with his usual enthusiasm. After much research and painstaking labor he published in 1900 a history of the State Convention, under the title *A Century of Missions in the Empire State.* In addition to his abundant labors as district missionary, as was more than hinted in the "Appreciation," he was the historian of the Convention.

The book was creditable to himself and to the subject. It will keep him in remembrance for generations. The first edition was soon sold and 1000 copies more were published. In 1907, the one hundredth anniversary of the Convention, a second edition bringing the history down to that date, was published. It has had interested readers round the world. By men qualified to speak this book has been pronounced almost unique among histories of State Conventions. It has a vitality and a readableness that seem to belong to no other book of its kind.

Another interest that had a large place in Mr. Brooks's heart was Cook Academy. He had the

confidence of Colonel Cook, shared in his counsels and was from the first a member of the board of trustees, and for many years chairman of the executive committee. Probably it was his deep interest and strenuous advocacy, more than anything else, that saved the institution in several crises of its history and won to it the substantial support of some of its best friends. His constant prayer was that God might save the Academy to New York Baptists. It was Mr. Brooks who secured its largest endowment gift. More than anybody else he was instrumental in holding to the Academy the cooperation and endorsement of the State Missionary Convention. His name will always be accorded a high place in the annals of Cook Academy.

Mr. Brooks was not primarily a preacher or pastor. He was first and last an evangelist. He had a large heart glowing with love for souls, and he would not be satisfied with anything short of winning men to Christ. He was willing to make any sacrifice to that end. He literally abandoned himself to his work. He was ready to respond to any service. He did not know what it was to shrink from duty. No church was so torn by dissensions or scattered by neglect that he did not yearn to save it. No man had wandered so far away, but he longed to bring him back. He rejoiced greatly when he found his spiritual children walking in the truth.

His cup of blessing was full to overflowing when

two sons, Charles and Willis, gave themselves to the Gospel ministry. Although he had walked through "the valley of the shadow" many times no sorrow was quite like the sorrow he felt when he surrendered his son Willis to the summons of the Master a few years later. He found consolation and comfort, however, as the months went by in the knowledge that one son and a beloved son-in-law would carry on, after he was gone, the blessed work to which he had given his life.

Mr. Brooks was a loyal friend. He early learned the great law, if one is to have friends he must show himself friendly. In his heart he cherished only the kindest feelings for his brethren, neighbors and friends. Alert, enthusiastic, responsive, he was sensitive, easily exalted and as easily depressed, indicative of his nobleness of nature. He was ever ready to show to others the same spirit of kindness and friendliness which he wished manifested toward himself. He was warmhearted, social, sincere and open. He loved his fellowmen and was in turn loved by them. He loved this community in which he spent the best years of his life. He loved this church to which he ministered as pastor, and in which for many long years he was a devoted member. He loved his home, and in the narrow circle of those who were dearer to him than his life he found inspiration, courage and strength for any task.

If I may venture to say a few words to the dear friends, the widow, the sister, the sons and daugh-

ters and grandchildren who ministered to him so tenderly and lovingly in his last illness and who feel this bereavement most keenly it would be these: You have this certainty that this life has not gone out. Our sorrow is not as those without hope. We know if Christ be not risen from the dead then is our faith vain and we are yet in our sins. But now is Christ risen from the grave and become the first fruits of those that slept and afterward those that are Christ's at his coming.

When Dr. Hague passed away our beloved Dr. Smith, author of *America,* wrote a sweet little poem, one verse of which was:

"We weep as one by one we lay
Our friends with the garnered host,
But gratefully the ages say
No saintly life was ever lost."

This place is full of the fragrance of the life of our dear brother. He lives in the churches in which he has preached and with which he has labored. He lives in the hearts of his friends and brother ministers by whom he is honored and beloved all over this Empire State and wherever his name is known. He will continue to live in earnest words, noble example and exalted life and character.

He was ready and eager to go—"to depart and be with Christ which is far better." His last message to the Chemung River Association at its meeting in Corning this week was this word of

triumph: "Tell the brethren not to hold me on earth by their prayers."

As we turn on this beautiful autumn afternoon from earthly scenes and follow the flight of his spirit into the heavens and through the pearly gates we can almost hear the echo of the words of welcome that must have fallen like music upon his ear: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord." May we all so live that we may also be accounted faithful, so that an entrance shall be ministered to us abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

IX

LEMUEL MOSS

MY recollection of Dr. Moss goes back to the great Bible Convention at Saratoga on May 22, 1883. The question of Bible translation had been a burning one for more than a third of a century. In April, 1882, a meeting of representative pastors and laymen interested in seeking a solution of this long controverted question was held in the Calvary church, New York. There was animated discussion and resolutions bearing on different phases of the question were adopted. Finally the whole subject was referred to a committee of nine, consisting of W. W. Everts, Alvah Hovey, Thomas Armitage, Lemuel Moss, H. M. King, Ebenezer Dodge, S. W. Duncan, J. W. Sarles and R. B. Williams. At the Anniversaries held in the First church, New York, the May following, the evident demand was for a speedy settlement of this disturbing and divisive issue. Many leading pastors and laymen had the feeling that the controversy had waged long enough and later joined in a petition that a Convention be called to settle the question of Bible

translation and distribution. The Convention was held in the First Baptist Church, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., in May, 1883. The gathering of delegates appointed by the several State Conventions, comprising the foremost men of our denomination, was a notable one. The interest was very intense and wide-spread, and the feeling of expectancy was not unlike that which dominated the great denominational meeting in Buffalo in the spring of 1903, when the Committee of Fifteen submitted its report. The central figure at Saratoga, as at Buffalo, was Dr. Lemuel Moss. The large auditorium was crowded. Everyone was eager to hear every speaker, and to follow the discussion to the end. Drs. J. B. Thomas, W. W. Everts, Thomas Armitage, W. B. Griffith, Edward Bright, George C. Lorimer, P. S. Henson and others, had participated in the heated debate, which continued through two days. Feeling had risen to fever heat. Dr. Moss was looked upon as the leader of the movement to commit all the work of Bible translation and distribution to the Publication Society. What he had to say would have great weight in turning the scale to his side. I remember just how he looked when he stepped upon the platform and recall the whole scene of that notable day for Baptists in this country. Every eye was centered upon the speaker, and every ear was strained to catch every word. Thrills of emotion and enthusiasm swept over the vast audience again and again, as Dr. Moss

proceeded with his argument. When he finished he was greeted with tumultous applause. His address was one of great impressiveness and power. Yet how simple and translucent it was. He opposed a separate Bible Society because it was (1) unnecessary, (2) it would be a source of division, and (3) it would be a source of disunion. As Dr. Moss spoke, it seemed to me that he measured up in considerable degree to Dr. Anderson, my ideal of a public leader, the greatest and most inspiring speaker I had ever known. The Convention by vote sustained with great unanimity the position advocated by Dr. Moss.

Before the meetings of the Convention adjourned, I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Moss, but I had no thought then that our pathways would ever cross again, or that I should be thrown into so close personal relationship with him as during the three closing years of his life. Dr. Moss was at the time of the Saratoga Convention the President of the Indiana University, and probably exerting his widest influence as a teacher. Shortly afterward he went to Minneapolis, where he was for five years (1885-1890), the editor of a newly established paper, known as the *Ensign*. He made it a bright, breezy, readable sheet which was regarded in *The Examiner* office as one of our ablest exchanges. He was for four years (1868-1872), prior to being chosen President of the Indiana University, editor of the *National Baptist*. Subsequently on returning

from the West to Philadelphia he was for a time editor of the *Commonwealth,* established after the *National Baptist* had been incorporated in *The Examiner.* Shortly after coming to New York he became a regular contributor to the editorial and literary columns of *The Examiner.* He was also the New York correspondent for *The Watchman.* During all his public life he was a frequent contributor to the secular and religious press.

It was not until Dr. Moss came to New York that I knew him at all intimately. But during the three years that he contributed to *The Examiner* I saw him, as a rule, three times a week and often daily, and was drawn closely to him by his large, generous nature, his spirit of helpfulness and cheerfulness, his timely words of counsel, and his unswerving faith. He had grown mellow and ripe in the sunshine of God's redeeming grace and love. Dr. Moss was an eloquent preacher, he was an inspiring teacher, he was an interesting and instructive lecturer, but he was foreordained to be an editor.

I think it is not too much to say that in the twelve years which he devoted to religious journalism of the forty-four of his notable life, he made a deeper and more lasting impression upon his time, and did a larger work for the cause of truth and righteousness than he did in any other line of work in the same period, or possibly in the whole of his life put together. It was certainly true if we take into account the opportuni-

ties his editorial relationship afforded for attending the State and National Anniversaries and for shaping our denominational polity and life.

He was singularly qualified, both by inheritance and by training for the editorial conduct of a paper. Like Dr. Bright, he was a printer by trade. He knew all about the mechanical make-up of a paper from the setting of the type to its issuance from the press. He could write, set up, and print his own paper, so thorough was his knowledge of every detail of the work. He had rare persistency and power of application. He was a born leader of men.

Then he had marked business ability. This was manifest very early in his career, otherwise he could not have fitted himself for college and maintained in part himself, his wife, and child while pursuing his college and seminary studies. When at the close of the war he was superintending the publishing of the report of the U. S. Christian Commission of which he was Secretary, the head of the publishing house said to him, "If, when through with this work, you will come with us as manager, we will give you $10,000 a year."

To these basal, fundamental qualities, which are all important if there is to be a solid and abiding superstructure, there were added editorial and literary qualifications of the highest order, good judgment, keen perception, broad scholarship and commanding leadership.

Dr. Moss was a man of convictions and he had

the courage of his convictions. He believed and, therefore, spoke. He was a Baptist from conviction, and the great and distinctive truths for which Baptists stand always had in him an able and earnest advocate. His voice never gave an uncertain sound, nor did his pen make a false stroke. He was not sectarian in a narrow and bigoted sense, but he was ever loyal to his denominational principles, because he believed that the Baptist position conformed more closely to the teachings of Scripture than those of any other Christian body. He did not like controversy, but if the fight was on he wanted a hand in it, and wanted to turn it to some advantageous account.

He never needed the admonition "the business of the leader is to lead." He was master of whatever he undertook. He put the whole strength of his character and ability into the structure of his paper. He was glad to listen to counsel, but he allowed no one else to dictate the policy of his paper when he was editor. He told me of an experience he had once when he was editor of *The National Baptist* in Philadelphia. He had expressed his judgment in regard to certain articles, but his judgment was overruled. The owners of the paper felt it would be to their interests to have the articles published, and sent him word to that effect. He said: "My resignation was on the table in fifteen minutes." The matter was patched up and he was never interfered with afterwards.

Dr. Moss was in a large sense an "all-round"

man. He was not a man of one idea. He did not belong to that large class to whom Pope's words apply:

> "One science only will one genius fit
> So vast is art, so narrow human wit."

He had many sides, and they were all remarkably developed. Few men attain eminence in so many directions as did he. If I may use the figure he was not like a triangle touching life only on three sides, nor a square with only four sides, but he was rather like a sphere with infinite points of contact, sympathetic with life in all its phases, and qualified to discuss questions most complex and profound. He was a scholar in the largest and broadest sense of that term. He loved his books to the very end. They were always standard works by the best authors and covered a wide range of subjects.

He would come to the office time and again to talk over a book he had just read, or to take home one obtained for him, when any other man would not have thought it prudent to venture out. Fearing he might meet with some accident I often went down to the street with him and conducted him safely to the car or over the crowded thoroughfare. When I spoke with his daughter about the danger of his coming downtown when his health was so precarious, she said she believed that her "father would die if he were kept away from his papers and his books."

Dr. Moss had marked ability as a terse and vigorous writer. He was full of wit and anecdote. He was a keen observer of human nature. He enjoyed telling of interesting sights he had witnessed on his walks about the city, illustrating the spirit of true heroism or of unselfishness, or of sweet and beautiful generosity and charity on the part of some humble man or woman. Nothing escaped his attention. Everything had in it for him some useful lesson.

He loved all men, especially his brethren. He was a brave man. Many of his friends know how brave and cheerful he was in the midst of his trials and under his heavy burdens. For the last ten years he never was able to sleep more than an hour to an hour and a half at a time. Much of his work during these last years was done under acute physical suffering, yet how seldom did he complain, how little did anyone know of his bodily ailments.

With all his superior ability and attainments, Dr. Moss was an extremely modest man. He was not full of himself. He was not all the time talking of his plans and of what he had accomplished, or could do if he had the opportunity. He possessed to a remarkable degree that beautiful grace of humility which is to the character what the blush is to the peach or the bloom to the grape. Yet he was not lost in his work. He was always a master figure and stood out in bold outline. I can almost hear his quiet, characteristic, gentle

"I don't know," when asked to do any unusual service, and yet what he was asked to do was always done and well done, and his spirit was always that of willingness to do more.

It seems hardly necessary to affirm of such a man that he was a Christian and that the spirit of Christ breathed through all that he wrote and said and did. The love of Christ filled his heart, impelled his action and irradiated his life. The mainspring of his life was love—love to God and love to his fellowmen. He lived as if his constant prayer was:

"O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone;
O may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown;
Strange fires far from my soul remove,
My every act, word, thought, be love."

He walked in close fellowship and communion with God and was conscious of his sustaining power and comforting presence at all times and everywhere. Among my most precious memories of him are the times when he opened up his heart to me about God's beneficent guidance and presence in all the minute affairs of his life. He had unfailing faith in the onward progress of God's kingdom in the world and in the ultimate triumph of truth and righteousness. He knew whom he had believed and he knew that He would keep that which he had committed to Him against that day.

He loved God's word. He was an earnest student of it and hailed with joy any new light that could be thrown upon it, but he wanted to be sure it was light and not a gleam from some falling meteor or dazzling searchlight. He stood securely and firmly on the "Rock of Ages," and was unmoved by any wind of "higher criticism" that blew. He had great faith in men. He saw the best of them and appealed to the best. He did not deal in negatives. His desire to help men furnished all the ideals for which he toiled and struggled. No one was more conscious of his imperfections and failings than he and yet his sufficiency was in Christ. He himself was nothing; Christ was everything. To Christ belonged all the glory for all that he did. Daily contact with such a sweet gentle Christian spirit was an inspiration and a benediction.

So he lived through more than forty-four years; not as a recluse, not selfishly for himself, but self-sacrificingly for his fellowmen; not among the stragglers and camp followers at the rear, but in the forefront of the battle and in the thick of the fight. He filled a large place and those who knew him best will miss him the most.

Dr. Moss was a member of the illustrious class of '58 of the University of Rochester—one of the most famous that has ever gone out from that institution. It is quite remarkable that two of his classmates, Dr. H. L. Morehouse and Dr. H. C. Townley, should have been present and spoken

of their old time collegemate and friend to-day. Among the most precious memories and associations of life are those of college days. The reunion of classmates and alumni is most enjoyable and delightful. No one prized these relations and fellowships or did more to promote them than the friend whose memory we honor this morning.

But more precious and enduring than these college ties to him were the fellowship and reunion of the ministers of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. The ranks of this noble company are often and irreparably broken. How sadly at this time no one better than the members composing this Conference know. The places of two of the foremost leaders, Dr. Moss and Dr. Lorimer, are now vacant, yet if we possess their faith and spirit our fellowship and communion with them may remain precious and unbroken until we shall greet them again beyond the skies, where

"Perfect love and friendship reign
Through all Eternity."

X

THOMAS OAKES CONANT

RARELY have the words: "In the midst of life we are in death," been borne in upon me with more impressive force than in the sudden passing on of my long-time associate and friend, Thomas O. Conant. He was at the office on Wednesday, January 28, 1914, apparently in his usual health and in fine spirits. After chatting about several matters relating to local religious and church interests, he left to take luncheon with his daughter, who, he told me, with a noticeable feeling of joy and gratitude in his expression, had sufficiently recovered to come to the table after a serious and debilitating attack of influenza. As was his custom he remained at home Thursday writing and reading. In the late afternoon he went out for a walk and incidentally to mail some letters and to get an evening paper. Suddenly his walk terminated on earth and was resumed on the streets of the New Jerusalem. Like the Patriarch of old, "He walked with God and was not, for God took him."

Under the stress of this sudden loss I hardly

know how to speak of one with whom I had been so closely associated for so many years, or how to gather up what is most significant out of the flood of memories and experiences that now come rushing into my mind. My acquaintance with Dr. Conant began in the late 70's, when he had supervision of one of the departments of *The Examiner,* and my desk was in *The Examiner* office. When a few years later I became identified with *The Christian Inquirer,* our paths diverged, and when in 1894, at the solicitation of a representative of The Examiner Company, *The Examiner* and *The Inquirer* united forces, we were brought into close personal relationship which continued in unbroken harmony and fraternity for eighteen years.

Thomas O. Conant was the third son of Rev. Dr. Thomas J. Conant, the great Hebraist and Bible translator and interpreter. He was born in Hamilton, N. Y., October 15, 1838, and was one of a family of ten children, comprising four sons and six daughters. His mother was Hannah O'Brien Chaplin, daughter of Dr. Jeremiah Chaplin, President of Waterville, now Colby College. She possessed rare literary ability, and was the author of several popular books. She also edited for some years the *Mothers' Magazine.* All the children inherited in some degree the scholarly taste of their parents. His brother next older, Samuel Stillman Conant, was editor of *Harper's Weekly* at the time of his mysterious disappear-

ance in 1884. This was a living sorrow to the entire family, but especially to Thomas, who had for this brother special admiration and attachment. Although a literary atmosphere pervaded the home and his father was for many years professor at Hamilton and afterwards at Rochester, Thomas never availed himself of the advantage of higher scholastic training, mainly because his health would not permit of the confinement and application required. He studied for a time at Millbury Academy in Massachusetts, the Collegiate Institute in Rochester, New York, and the Polytechnic Institute, Borough of Brooklyn, New York. He loved books and read widely and understandingly. He was more familiar with the classics and with secular and sacred history than many who had been through college. In the last busy years he took up the study of Spanish and made such attainments that he found much enjoyment in the new world that had been opened to him. The honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by Mercer University, Macon, Georgia.

When he had attained his twenty-fourth year he was joined in marriage to Martha Wilson, of Rochester, N. Y., on January 29, 1862. After a happy married life of forty-five years she entered into rest at their home in New York, on December 28, 1907. Three children were born to them; one son and two daughters. The year previous to his marriage, in 1861, Dr. Conant was appointed to a responsible clerical position in the United

States Assay office, New York, which he held until 1893, the long term of thirty-two years. From 1872 to 1893 he was a regular contributor to *The Examiner,* virtually having supervision of the Agricultural Department of the paper. In 1893 he resigned his position in the Assay Office to become assistant editor of *The Examiner,* which position he held for one year, when after the death of Dr. Bright and the acceptance by Dr. Henry C. Vedder of the chair of Church History in Crozer Theological Seminary, Chester, Pa., he became editor-in-chief. The union of the *Examiner* and *The Inquirer,* effected in 1895, brought me in close association with him as co-editor, until my resignation in 1910, to make an extended trip abroad, still retaining my interest in the paper. Two years later when Dr. Curtis Lee Laws purchased *The Examiner,* Dr. Conant was retained as consulting editor, which position he held until his sudden translation.

Mrs. Thomas J. Conant, the mother of Dr. Conant, died in October, 1865, and eight years later, in October, 1873, his father married Esther Church, of the Borough of Brooklyn, New York, an intimate friend of the first Mrs. Conant and closely related to Dr. J. H. Raymond, head of the Brooklyn Collegiate and Polytechnic Institute and later of Vassar College. She was, however, no relation to Dr. Pharcellus Church of *The New York Chronicle.* Dr. Church was related to the Conants through his wife, who was Clara Emily

Conant, sister of Thomas J. Conant, children of John Conant, of Vermont. Dr. Church, the editor of *The Chronicle,* therefore, was uncle to Thomas O. Conant, and Colonel W. C. Church, editor of the *Army and Navy Journal,* a son of Dr. Pharcellus Church, was Thomas's cousin. Some seventeen of the Conant-Church relations held positions as editors of or contributors to religious or secular publications. By association and kinship as well as training, therefore, Dr. Conant was singularly qualified for his work as a journalist.

During all the long period of Dr. Conant's connection with *The Examiner* the amount of work and energy he gave to the paper was without precedent. In the discharge of his exacting and ever recurring duties he seemed absolutely tireless and was apparently as oblivious to physical strain as he was indifferent to recreation or social enjoyment. His powers of endurance were phenomenal, and few men could equal him in the number of hours he could work, and the amount of copy he could turn off. He had a very facile pen. "This one thing I do," was his ruling passion, and it was so dominant that he never turned aside or hesitated when other calls came, however urgently presented.

The demands of a paper like *The Examiner* would seem to be sufficient to tax all the energies a man possessed, but besides his manifold duties as editor and manager, he wrote extensively for

other publications. He was for two years the New York correspondent of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean.* He served on the Board of Education of Elizabeth, N. J., for two years, and as member of the Board of Directors of the Executive Committee of the Tract Society for many years. He was president of the Baptist Social Union during 1900-1901. When he moved into the city from Elizabeth he united with the Fifth Avenue Baptist church, faithfully filling the office of deacon for several years.

Dr. Conant was a self-made man, and early learned to depend upon himself. In fact, so thoroughly had this habit of self-dependence become a part of his nature that he would rather perform a task himself than to put any burden upon another. He was versatile to a notable degree. He possessed a vast fund of information, due to his careful training in a refined and scholarly atmosphere, to his studious habits, and to his inherited taste for the best in art, music and literature. He shrank from public responsibility, and preferred above all else the companionship of his books and the quiet of his home and family life. He had the poetic temperament in a large degree, and poems on a variety of subjects are to be found in the pages of *The Examiner* and in other periodicals. In congenial circles he was given to story-telling and to repartee, showing a keen wit and a fine sense of humor.

In theology and religion he was a representative of the "old school." His creed was, "Ask for the old paths," and "Walk therein." He held tenaciously not only to the old doctrines, but to the old forms of expression, and *The Examiner* was known as the bulwark of Baptist faith and practice. His deep convictions always commanded the respect of those who differed with him.

Dr. Conant bore a striking resemblance to his father, Dr. Thomas J. Conant, for whom he cherished the tenderest affection and regard. He loved to speak of him, and followed closely his rendering of Scripture, and was largely guided by what he believed would be his father's attitude toward any question or line of action. A dutiful son, he was also a devoted husband and father. He never spoke of his wife, his son and daughters without a smile lighting up his face and a gentler tone showing in his voice. Nothing concerned him more deeply than their happiness and prosperity.

Dr. Conant was devoted to his church. He was loyal to his pastor, faithful in his church attendance and in the discharge of his covenant obligations and duties. Probably his most outstanding characteristic was his Christian integrity. His faith in God and in his wise supervision in all the larger affairs of life, as well as in the bestowment of daily mercies, was implicit. He had no doubts as to the realities of the future world or the happiness of the saints in light.

To his bereaved family and friends he speaks in these assuring words in his Easter song of six years ago:

"Nay cease thy faithless weeping!
They are not dead but sleeping
Who die in Jesus: They
But wait in bliss supernal
Till dawns that morn eternal,
The last glad Easter Day."

XI

HENRY LYMAN MOREHOUSE

THE circumstances under which men are accidentally brought together often determine the nature and character of their subsequent relationship, resulting frequently in a firm and lasting friendship. My acquaintance with Dr. Morehouse began under happy conditions. I had heard him preach in the East Avenue church, Rochester, N. Y., of which he was pastor. I had often seen him walking in company with President A. H. Strong in friendly converse on the avenue. I had even met him at one of the University of Rochester alumni gatherings. He was a young, vigorous preacher and made a strong appeal to the students. Among the college men active in his church and Sunday school was A. Gaylord Slocum, of the class of '74, who had become engaged to my eldest sister. Whenever she visited Rochester she attended the East Avenue church. When finally, July 14, 1875, was settled upon as the wedding day, Dr. Morehouse was invited to perform the ceremony. He came to our house in Cortland, N. Y., on the morning

train, and the duty of entertaining him until the hour of the ceremony in the late afternoon was intrusted to me. We drove along the maple-lined highways, traversing the beautiful valleys. We strolled through the business and residential streets. We stretched ourselves on the lawn under the overarching trees while we discussed college life, churches, the ministry, denominational affairs and incidents of personal interest and experience. It proved to be a notable day, for in addition to gaining a brother I had made a valued and life-long friend.

Henry Lyman Morehouse came of sturdy Scotch and English stock. He was a descendant of Thomas Morehouse, who moved into Connecticut about 1640. His father, Seth Seelye Morehouse, was married to Emma Bentley and settled on a farm in Fairfield, a small agricultural community now known as Stratfield, located about five miles north of Bridgeport Center. Later the family moved to Stanford, Dutchess County, N. Y., where Henry was born, on October 2, 1834. He was the eldest of two sons, the only children born of this union, the other son named Ezra, being about two years younger. The parents as well as the grandparents were thrifty farmers.

When the boy Henry was about eleven years of age the family moved to Avon, N. Y., settling upon a rich productive farm in the Genesee Valley, about twenty miles southwest of Rochester. About a year later, when only twelve, Henry had

so great curiosity to see the locality where his ancestors had settled and the farm on which his father and mother had begun housekeeping, that he made the journey to Stratfield to familiarize himself with the family traditions. He found the old homestead situated in a deep, fertile valley, in fact more of a basin than a valley, shielded on all sides by encircling hills. The old original house, as he found it, is still standing. There is now only one other house in the valley. On the Morehouse farm was a fine, large spring of cool, delicious water. Some fifteen years ago the waters of this spring became quite celebrated as the Mohegan Spring Waters. The company, however, that financed the putting of the waters on the market failed, so no one got "rich" out of the venture.

In his boyhood Henry showed marked ability and force of character. Although his help was needed on the farm his parents at considerable sacrifice encouraged him in his desire to gain an education. It was the old story of the value of spare moments, pine-knots, late hours and steadfast purpose. He prepared for college at the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, a Methodist school located at Lima, about five miles from his home. As a boy he was a "live wire," full of pranks and jokes that made him the admiration of his comrades and kept his teachers guessing. He spent his "week ends" and summers at home, as he did his college vacations, doing a man's work on the

farm. He entered the University of Rochester at the age of nineteen, graduating with the class of '58, probably the most notable class that ever went out from the University. In college he was a member of the Psi Upsilon fraternity and was class poet. He became a Phi Beta Kappa man, was chosen Alumni poet, served as president of the Alumni Association, received from his Alma Mater the degree of D.D. in 1879 and LL.D., in 1908.

Because of the death of his father in 1859, at the age of fifty-two years, now regarded as a man's prime, Henry was unexpectedly obliged, with the assistance of his younger brother, Ezra, to take the oversight of the farm in order to provide for his widowed mother. While in college his thought had been seriously turned to the matter of personal religion. Having yielded his heart to Christ, near the close of his junior year he united with the Baptist Church at Avon, into the fellowship of which his father and mother had been baptized in 1850, only some seven years before. Their sympathies and affiliations had probably always been with Baptists, as the grandfather was a member of the Baptist Church at Bangall, five miles from his home in Dutchess County.

In addition to the heavy responsibilities enforced upon him by the death of his father, Henry was never free from anxiety and uncertainty as to his future. How was he best to utilize the

education obtained at so great a cost? His decision to give himself to the Christian ministry was made in the field one day early in 1861. He had cherished for some time the desire to enter the army and had obtained a commission from the Governor of the State to raise a company. Alumni and undergraduates of the university had responded to the country's call. He was eager to join them, but was restrained by the unwillingness of his aging mother to have him leave her.

The story of how he was led to decide for the ministry reads like that of one of the Fathers. One bright day as he was plowing in the field he looked up into the deep blue of the sky above him and around upon the beauty of the trees and the fields on every hand, and then in his quiet but serious meditation he said to himself: in a world so divinely ordered he believed he was capable of doing something of wider service to humanity than farming. Turning aside from his plow in the furrow he went to a nearby tree where he sat down in the shade to reflect and to pray. When he got up the decision had been made. He would be a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. By divine grace he had righted the angle of his life about from all worldly pursuits towards God and toward Christian service.

After an interval of three years of laborious and never-ending work on the farm he entered the Rochester Theological Seminary. In college he had been brought under the masterful per-

sonality, the stimulating intellectuality, moral and religious, of President M. B. Anderson, now he came under the clear, incisive but no less powerfully quickening and uplifting influence of President Ezekiel G. Robinson. While a seminary student he supplied the church at Niagara Falls where he rendered effective evangelistic service, and where he is still remembered with appreciation and affection. Immediately after his graduation he entered upon the work of the Christian Commission for Christian Workers in the Army of the Potomac, serving during the summer in connection with the battles of the Wilderness, Chickahominy and about Petersburg in Virginia.

In the fall of 1864, after a summer of unremitting and exacting toil, he accepted the call extended to him by the First Baptist church at East Saginaw, Michigan, where he labored with increasing ability and effectiveness until January, 1873—a period of nine years. When Dr. Morehouse went to East Saginaw the place was literally a home mission field. It was a pioneer town in the strictest meaning of the word. It consisted of a collection of rambling frame houses with here and there a brick structure. It had sprung up as by magic in the midst of a wilderness, because of the salt and lumber interests, and had attracted to itself rough elements from everywhere. Sundays were like other days, with saloons wide open. Stumps stood in the streets, which were often so flooded that walking was impossible, the pools

forming excellent breeding places for mosquitoes, with which the place abounded. There were no pavements and no flagstones. Planks laid end to end formed the only kind of sidewalk.

The church itself was a small and primitive affair. It had been depleted by divisions and dissensions until it only numbered twenty-five members, who worshiped in a hall, as they had no property. As the rear of the hall extended over a bayou, in the summertime the frogs often made music to the amusement of the young people and the annoyance of the older folk. But the hard field and the helplessness of the church attracted the young preacher. He went upon the field as a missionary of the Home Mission Society and labored for three years on a salary of $600. For the first two years he gave back to the church all of his salary but what he needed for board and clothing. At the end of that period the salary was increased to $800. He did not confine his labors to his own church, but went into the regions to the north, east and west establishing preaching stations, Sunday schools and bringing men under the influence of the gospel. The work was very strenuous, but "he enjoyed it," for he was laying foundations for substantial work to come. In the short space of five years his little church had greatly multiplied in numbers and had acquired a property valued at $25,000 in the heart of the city. The purchase of a bell completed the building enterprise.

The dedication of the new edifice was followed by a revival and a large ingathering. The influence of the pastor and church now became a stimulating evangelistic force in a widely extending region. For three or four years Dr. Morehouse preached every alternate Sunday at South Saginaw, where a church was organized. He also preached occasionally in what was known as the Brooks's district. One of the many experiences of those days of which, when in a reminiscent mood, he enjoyed speaking, was an ordination at a town about fifty miles to the northeast of Saginaw, to which he rode in a wagon. At night he had to sleep in a haymow, because there was no room in the houses of the settlers. The young pastor became known throughout the State as an able and aggressive leader and was called to the front in many departments of endeavor. He became actively identified with all Michigan State denominational activities. He was elected a trustee of Kalamazoo College and was chosen president of the State Missionary Convention. He was also actively interested in the movement to found a Theological Seminary in Chicago. He acquainted himself thoroughly with all forms of pioneer-mission work, no problem presenting itself that he did not endeavor to find for it a solution. Little did he realize then of what inestimable value these years of frontier service were to be to him.

From East Saginaw he was called in January,

1873, to the pastorate of the East Avenue church, Rochester, afterwards known as the Park Avenue church, now consolidated with the Second church, in its new location on East Avenue. The East Avenue church at the time Dr. Morehouse assumed the pastoral oversight had only been organized two years and had, like the East Saginaw church, all its history in the future. The house of worship was a plain wooden structure neither architecturally attractive nor adequately supplied with needed equipment. He soon became recognized in the city as a man of force and leadership and was accorded rank with those of wide reputation and influence. He gave himself unreservedly to the up-building of his church, attracting to it among others many of the students and professors of the college and seminary. He was elected a member of the board of trustees of the Theological Seminary, and for three of his six years in Rochester he served the board as corresponding secretary. His relations, as well as those of his church, to the Seminary during his pastorate were of a delightfully friendly and fraternal character.

Probably no one was more surprised than himself when, in May, 1879, he was chosen Corresponding Secretary of the Home Mission Society, the great national society under whose auspices he had labored as missionary in Michigan. He decided after much consideration to accept the secretaryship and entered upon his new duties

the following July, as the successor of Dr. S. S. Cutting. He had scarcely settled in his new office and adjusted himself to his new relations by September, so it was not strange that his presence in the city did not occur to me, when I came in the fall as a student to Union Seminary. But shortly afterwards I looked him up, and the friendship began at Cortland was renewed to continue to the end.

It was as corresponding secretary of the Home Mission Society that he did his great life-work, covering a period of thirty-eight years. With great tactfulness and wisdom he re-organized, vitalized and broadened the work of the society. Almost immediately the denomination felt the inspiration and devotion of the new leader, and the response of churches and individuals was prompt and generous. He organized the Church Edifice Gift-Fund and "More-house" was the slogan by which funds were secured for church buildings throughout the great west. He was in constant demand for sermons and public addresses. He was fruitful in plans and suggestions. He attended State Conventions, he linked up local and State societies to the Home Mission Society, he arranged conferences, he made friends of financial and industrial leaders. As he went forth on his trips across the country and through the far west he was likened in the enthusiasm and interest he awakened to James G. Blaine and was fittingly

dubbed the "Plumed Knight" of the Baptist denomination.

But the wind and tide were not always favorable. The panic of 1884 brought him many anxious, wakeful hours, because of business depression and of the heavy losses that had come to many of the most generous supporters of the Society. With the return of good times and the enlistment of many new friends the Society entered upon another era of wide expansion and growth. Again by over-persuasion he extended substantial aid to a friend and associate who failed to appreciate the kindness shown him and he passed through another Gethsemane. Like his Master he drank to the bitter dregs the cup of injustice and ingratitude. Though exonerated by the board he felt so keenly any criticism that might come to the Society through any act of his that he resigned the secretaryship in 1892, against the wishes of his brethren, but consented to continue in office for a year until his successor was chosen. When Dr. Thomas J. Morgan had completed his term as Indian Commissioner he was elected Corresponding Secretary and Dr. Morehouse was pressed by the board into the office of field secretary, as the work had grown to such large proportions as to make two secretaries necessary. In the new relation his duties took him out among the churches most of the time. He traveled from the lakes to the gulf and from ocean to ocean and was often perplexed and

dispirited by the needs of the field and the inability of the society to meet them. His poem "Let about," based on Exodus 13:18, "God led the people about," written probably under great mental and physical exhaustion after a long and wearisome journey, shows how great was his tumult of soul and depression of spirit as he viewed the problems of his work or the trials and defeats he had to face.

"LED ABOUT"

Here I wander, while I wonder
What the Lord's ways mean for me;—
Forward, backward, thither, hither,
Misty maze of mystery!

Round and round upon my circuit,
Painful progress, if at all;
Travel-wearied, weather-beaten,—
Lord, my strength, my faith is small.

Marching now to martial music,
Mourning over sore defeat,
Numb, but "dumb because thou didst it,"
Fall I, fainting at thy feet.

Upward to the heights elysian,
Down to depths all dark and drear,
Vivid contrasts vex my vision,
Pain, perplex, and fill with fear.

Thus of old "thy flock thou leddest;"
Murmured they, as murmur we;—
Hush, my heart! The shepherds' secret
May be half revealed to thee.

"Led about,"—through storm and sunshine,
Elim's palms and scorching sand,—
Thus He chastens, cleanses, fits us,
Bring us to the Promised Land.

On the death of Dr. Morgan in 1902, Dr. Morehouse was recalled to the office of corresponding secretary, and Dr. E. E. Chivers, of Buffalo, was elected as his successor as field secretary. The remarkable growth of the society from the day Dr. Morehouse became secretary in 1879 to his death in 1917 may be seen in the fact that the receipts had increased from $122,419.21 in 1878 to $987,611.46 in 1917 and the number of missionaries from 277 to 1,274.

In addition to the vast work of supervision and re-adjustment to meet new conditions his extended correspondence and his duties as editor of the *Home Mission Monthly,* Dr. Morehouse found time in 1882-3 to write the history of the Home Mission Society in commemoration of the Society's Jubilee Meeting in New York. He also contributed frequently papers and articles to our denominational weeklies. He indulged occasionally his poetic taste and many of his poems found their way into the public press. In the interest of the Society he traveled extensively in the United States, in Mexico, Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii and Alaska. By what he saw and heard "across the border" his sympathies were greatly stirred in behalf of the people of Mexico. Their pitably neglected condition, their ignorance, their

utter subjection to the Romish Church seemed to haunt him and to harass his spirit. His little poem "Prayer, Means, and Men for Mexico," voices the depth of his feeling for this benighted people.

PRAYERS, MEANS AND MEN FOR MEXICO

For kindred, Country, Church, we pray,
For distant lands in sin and woe—
Prayers rise like incense. Yet, to-day,
Where are the *prayers* for Mexico?

For fields at home, for fields abroad,
The streams of Christian giving flow—
Most blessed streams! But, O Lord God,
Where are the *means* for Mexico?

From papal night, turned toward the light,
Souls, disenthralled, the truth would know;
The hour has come! "The fields are white!"
Where are the *men* for Mexico?

Here is our neighbor. Pass not by,
Like priest and Levite long ago;
Have pity! Help! Ring out the cry;
Prayers, means and men for Mexico!

Dr. Morehouse did not confine his travels to his own country. He made two visits to Europe. On his second trip he represented the society in an address before the Baptist World Congress and served on the committee that drafted the constitution. In the summer of 1900 Mrs. Calvert and I found him indulging in a brief rest at the

Thousand Islands and enjoyed exceedingly a day's excursion in his genial company.

No summary of his work as Corresponding Secretary of the Home Mission Society would be complete without reference to the great influence he exerted in organizing and promoting other undertakings along kindred lines of endeavor. The subject of education always lay near to his heart and the Freedman schools in the South, the maintenance of which was a large part of the work of the Society, had in him a warm advocate and steadfast supporter. He had no greater delight than providing new buildings, better equipment and needed funds for an increased endowment. But he was not content that the cause of education should be a department merely of the Society and confined to one section of the country. He would establish a National Baptist Education Society to found new educational institutions and to promote the welfare of our academies and colleges already established. In the carrying out of his ideals he had the co-operation and support of other leaders but he was really the father of the organization that discovered Dr. Harper and that called into being the University of Chicago, one of the marvels of the educational world.

As the representative of the Baptists of the North he had deplored the division caused by the civil war and had sought to bring about by exchange of delegates and by cooperation in missionary and educational work a spirit of unity and

fraternity between the Baptists of the North and South. Quietly but persistently he advocated a larger brotherhood of feeling and fellowship on the part of all our churches. Twelve years ago the movement in this direction crystallized into the General Convention of the Baptists of North America.

His last great achievement, and one which had its seeds in his own early self-sacrificing, self-denying experiences, was the organization in 1911 of the Ministers and Missionaries Benefit Board. He was too familiar with the privations and hardships of pastors in rural districts and on the frontier to rest content until some provision had been made for their needs in their declining years. He lived to see the youngest of our beneficent agencies expand until the invested funds amounted to $900,000 sufficient to extend aid to 425 ministers, missionaries and widows. The proposals to add $1,000,000 to the fund as a memorial tribute to the founder would only be such an expression of gratitude as the denomination should be glad to make and would perpetuate his influence where he would be most desirous to have it felt for untold years to come.

In appearance and manner Dr. Morehouse was military in his bearing. He had the air of one born to command. Self-poised, dignified, resolute, reserved yet he was always affable and approachable. His fine head, with open frank countenance was set firmly upon his broad shoulders. Above

medium height, well proportioned, he stood erect to the end. He was almost never ill and never had to seek rest from overwork. His strong sinewy body, made more strong by hard work on the farm, was a priceless heritage. He never suffered from indiscretion in eating or from want of habits of regular exercise. He often said, "my stomach will take care of everything put into it." In such a body one would look for a great soul, a courageous heart and a sound, well-balanced fruitful mind. He was master of others because he was master of himself. He was never impatient, never gave way to passion, never spoke a harsh or unkind word, and never appeared ruffled or heated in conference or debate. He was, however, given to introspection, to caprice, to severe censoring of himself, yet he maintained so universally the same even temper and genial attitude that those nearest to him could not guess what was going on under that calm exterior. He never indulged in gossip and when tales were told him about his brethren he would look intently into the face of the speaker while he asked inquiringly in subdued tone, "Is that so?" Loyal, unassuming, ever helpful and companionable, with him once a friend always a friend.

Equal to any occasion, Dr. Morehouse was at his best in large assemblages or at our great denominational gatherings. Among the leaders he was a commanding figure. His gifts of leadership, of ability to marshal facts as well as his

knowledge of denominational affairs, his statesmanship, his broad vision, his dry wit and his ready speech all had here opportunity for manifestation as he sought to clarify discussion, to re-state the matter at issue, or to set forth some constructive plans for larger unity or far-reaching endeavor.

His outstanding characteristic probably was his capacity for work. His motto "Whatever ought to be done, can be done," was suggestive of the faith of a Carey or a Judson. He could "toil terribly." He was "zealous in every good word and work." He was as regular at his office as clockwork, often being the last to leave and rarely availing himself of the Saturday half-holiday. He was besieged with appeals of all kinds—from churches for pastors, from pastors for churches, for advice in church difficulties, for introductions to liberal givers, for assistance in raising debts or endowments and for financial aid for destitute ministers, widows and orphans. Instead of his office being a "private sanctum" it was more like an attorney's counsel room. Pastors, laymen, delegations, committees, rich and poor, friends and strangers felt free to break in upon him and always found him ready to listen to their story and to help as far as it was in his power to do so. When it is remembered that there were monthly board meetings, frequent directors', trustees' and committee meetings, besides the enormous demands of the society itself, some conception can

be had of the vast amount of work that had to be turned out by him every twenty-four hours.

Dr. Morehouse was a Baptist from conviction. He held as tenaciously to Baptist tenets in his last years as he did when he took upon himself the covenant obligations in the little church at Avon. He had little patience with those who advocated an "open-church membership" or were disposed to be more liberal than those of other faiths. He believed in Baptist principles, Baptist polity, Baptist institutions and in Baptist progress and his highest ambition was to found Baptist churches in every part of this broad country and to fortify and promote those already established, with the hope that their influence would leaven the whole world. While such a stalwart Baptist he was removed as far as possible from being illiberal, bigoted or narrow minded. He was broad in his sympathies, charitable and most unselfish.

Dr. Morehouse never married. When he was of the age when "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love" he felt the great obligation devolving upon him to provide for his widowed mother and when he entered upon his life-work he became wedded to that. At first only by the strictest economy could he provide a home for his mother and himself on his meager salary. When he entered upon his duties as Corresponding Secretary he brought his mother to Brooklyn where he maintained a home until her death in

1892 at the age of seventy-seven. The rumor that found wings in Rochester that the young lady to whom he had become engaged, died before circumstances would permit of their marriage, persisted after he came to New York, but his own statement that there never was any foundation for such a report ought to put it forever at rest. After his mother's death the demands of his work were so numerous and urgent that he never could give any thought to what might promote his comfort or pleasure. With Paul he believed that "he that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please the Lord." He threw himself unreservedly into the task of promoting the interests of the Home Mission Society, giving to it his whole mind and soul and strength. Most fortunate was the Home Mission Society to command a man of his talents who was foot-loose and free to travel, to go and come, with no home ties and no home demands. He was not, however, without kindred and friends upon whom he centered his interests and affection. He always cherished a tender, fraternal feeling for his only brother, who made his home in Council Bluffs, Iowa, in 1890, but who returned East in 1912 and has since resided in Cresskill, N. J. His love for his brother's four children, two nephews and two nieces, could not have been greater if they had been his own. He watched over them in childhood, assisted in their education and had joy in their advancement and settlement in life.

When "by reason of strength" Dr. Morehouse had attained his four score years he wrote a vesper song, to which he gave the modest title "A song at eighty." He read it to me in manuscript and when he had had it printed in attractive form for distribution among a few friends he gave me a copy. It breathes so much of his cheerful courageous spirit and is such a beautiful epitome of his life told in his own characteristically modest, simple style that his friends will always cherish it as one of the choicest little poems that ever came from his pen.

A SONG AT EIGHTY

At fourscore years my soul breaks forth in singing:
The vesper bell
Of life's long day in mellowed tones is ringing:
"All's well; all's well."

This length of life with strength for tasks appointed,
And still a place
In fellowship and work with God's anointed,
Are all of grace.

In early life goes forth a sower, weeping:
He waits, believes;
In later life he comes rejoicing; reaping;
With golden sheaves.

With powers preserved, I covet not inaction,
To rest and rust;
The spirit finds a higher satisfaction
In toil and trust.

As duty calls, through clear and strong conviction,
My race I run:
Enough, at last, the Master's benediction:
"Well done. Well done."

Though shadows deepen, with the sun declining,
And clouds arise;
A heavenly glory often marks the shining
Of evening skies.

My cup is filled with goodness, mercy, sweetness,
Full to the brim:
The past, with all its sins and incompleteness,
I leave with Him.

To fellow workers rapidly completing
Their long careers,
A veteran sends his Christian love and greeting
At fourscore years.

Sublime our task! With joyful consecration
Our best we bring:
Supreme event! Creation's coronation
Of Christ as King!

In a long, active, serviceable life, like that of Dr. Morehouse's crowned at the close with sudden glory, faith finds satisfying fruition. As pastor and corresponding secretary he "labored more abundantly than they all," for more than half a century and as the evening of life drew on, like the prophet of old "he was caught up as by a whirlwind into heaven," without any warning or any painful and wasting illness. In order to avoid

the return of a grippe attack, in an aggravated form, with attendant nervous depression, from which he rallied with difficulty the previous winter, he went to Florida in January, where he spent a pleasant, re-invigorating season, building up his general health and greeting friends congregated there from the North. He returned to New York on Thursday, May 3, 1917, apparently much rejuvenated and greatly cheered in spirit, eager to enter into the final preparations for the Cleveland anniversaries. As was his custom, after an absence, on Friday he made the rounds of the Home Mission Rooms, greeting each of his associates with a cheering word and then called at the offices of the other societies and of the *Watchman-Examiner* with a friendly salutation for all and the assurance of pleasure at being back. The one word expressive of his deepest feeling was: "I am tired of loafing, I had rather be on the job." On Saturday afternoon in the quiet of his own room at home, without warning, without any signs of suffering he sank quietly to the floor and expired. His work was done. He had finished his course and had entered into his reward. What more beautiful and fitting ending to a well-rounded, richly ripened life than to pass at once from the turmoil and uncertainty of life here into the world of peace and of eternal realities! There was no wasting away from fever and racking pain, no long and weary weeks of watching, no impatient longing for the end to come. He went

away as one who passes from his living room into his sleeping room:

"Think of
Stepping on shore and finding it heaven,
Of taking hold of a hand and finding it God's hand.
Of breathing a new air and finding it celestial air,
Of being invigorated and finding it immortality.
Of passing from storm and tempest to an unknown calm,
Of waking up and finding it Home."

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